

The
Latch-
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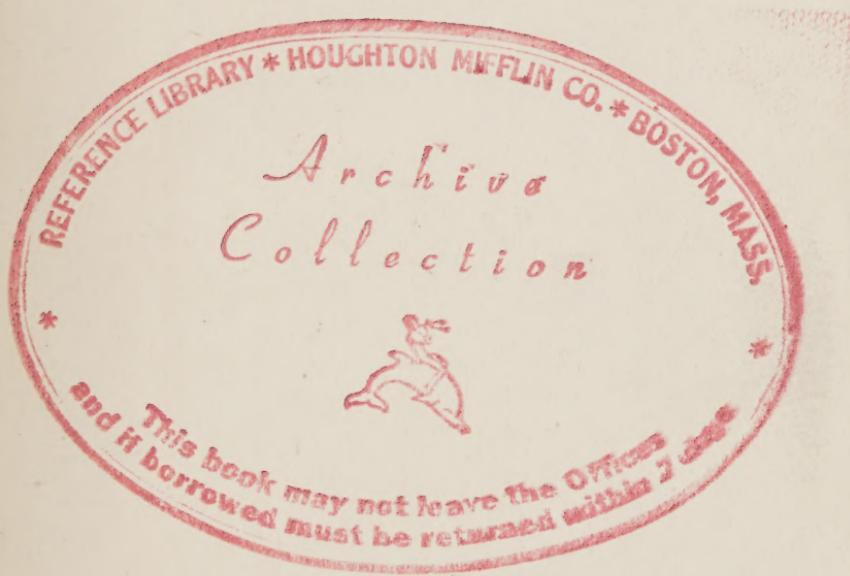
By Walter Emerson

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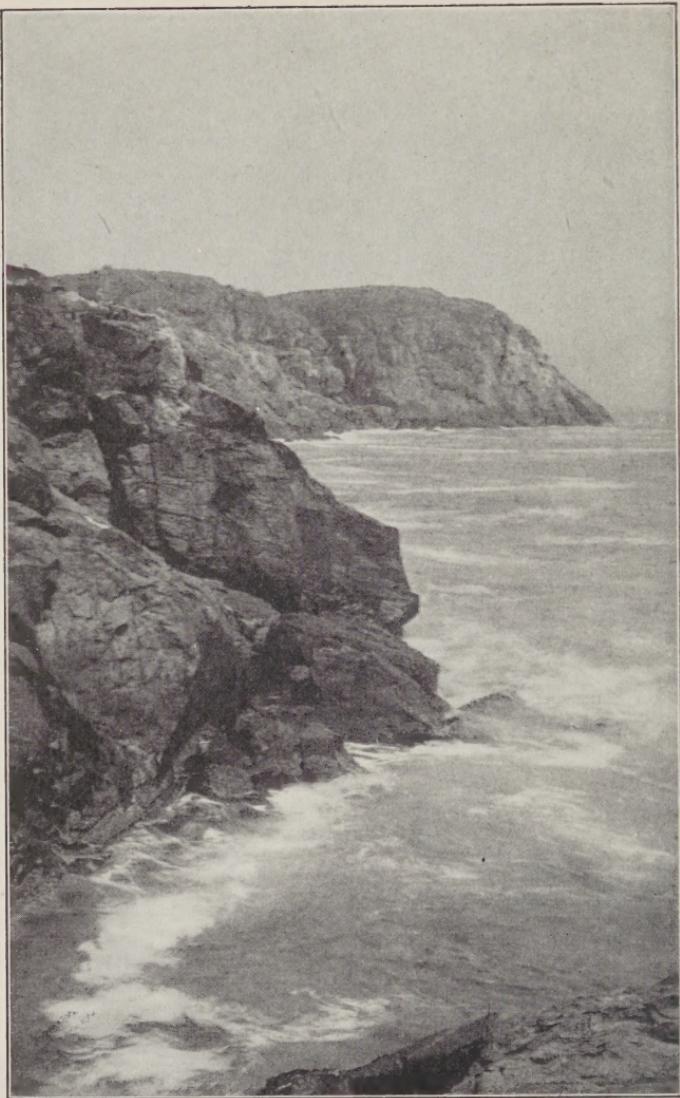
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The Latchstring



THE REAL BOLD COASTS OF THE ATLANTIC

The Latchstring

TO

MAINE WOODS AND WATERS

BY WALTER EMERSON

With Illustrations



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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1916

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By Way of Preface

MAINE is a mosaic of bright spots in life, inlaid with more genuine, worth-while, health-giving pleasure places than any other State in the Union, and framed between the most picturesque mountain range in eastern America and a seacoast, in beauty and utility, unequaled in any country in the world.

That is a long sentence and bears some resemblance to the habitual exaggeration of an enthusiast. But it will stand analysis. And if you will but come here with eyes open, and a mind prepared for impression, you will criticize its awkward length, perchance, but not its statement.

The precarious calling of politics in the last twenty years has taken me many times into every county of the State, and into hundreds of its towns. And since the average common sense of all the people, as Mr. Reed used to call it, can always be trusted to express itself at the

By Way of Preface

polls, I have invariably had time after election, not only to consider how it happened, but to appreciate what I had seen.

There are many who could depict better, but few who have seen more. I have written herein, not history, for that remains for the future, and it should not be far off. All of the accredited historians of Maine cut us off years ago at a point where struggle ended and development began. The ancient dominions have been often done, and well done, the modern Commonwealth not at all. What is needed is a connected, textbook story from the beginnings to the present year of Maine grace. This is bhest, not a threat. Not description herein. The photographer has done so much better. Nor literature. I have simply loitered through parts of the State and pointed here and there to some of its realities and possibilities, in the hope that others may see us as some of us who appreciate see ourselves.

Maine is in the making quite as much as any new and far-off Western State. We have idled

By Way of Preface

— too much — and grown not enough. Initiative and courage among our own people have been too conspicuously absent. The scarecrow of taxes is in every field and the six-per-cent motto on every wall. We have stared at opportunity and let it pass. But as sure as tomorrow's sun the awakening is at hand. For you cannot cover up, and keep covered up, mines of health and wealth when once discovered.

And because these mines are richer, and deeper, and more accessible than any others of their like, the world is making a beaten path to the door. The latchstring is out.

WALTER EMERSON.

PORLAND, MAINE,

May 1, 1916.

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The Latchstring

The Latchstring

I

EASTWARD HO!

LOYALTY to locality, like necessity, is often the mother of invention. National, state, and municipal pride often — too often, perhaps — beget superlatives. Too much invention, especially of superlatives, smacks of bombast and leads the offspring of loyalty and pride to trouble. Meaning by this incipient bit of philosophizing — if that is what you call it — that, while I have great and everlasting pride in my State, I shall try to avoid the magniloquence of the man with the megaphone. My endeavor shall be to guide you through Maine and let you see, and hear, and smell, and taste for yourself. If I can do this, and keep the temptation to boast within me, I have no fear of the result. You will come again.

The Latchstring

A citizen of Chicago not long ago escorted a distinguished French traveler and essayist from New York to that great and interesting cave of the winds. On the way, doubtless over the coffee and cigars of a Twentieth-Century dinner, the successful, opulent, and always genial cave dweller lost no opportunity to blow.

“Why, man alive, the day you were born, Chicago was n’t even a chicken farm. Now look at her. She’s the biggest, best, and busiest metropolis in all the world. In a generation, my man, — a generation.” And then, as they shot the streets of Syracuse: “In that time we have had the biggest fire ever known, and we built her up again — built her up bigger and better than before.”

At Buffalo there was something about the tallest buildings and quickest elevators. At Cleveland he awoke the tired Frenchman to tell him about the biggest drainage canal that science ever imagined. “Makes your Victor Hugo’s sewer pipe look like a cambric needle.” At South Bend, over the waffles and Vermont

Eastward Ho!

maple syrup, there was more about the longest street in the world.

Now the foreigner, refreshed as much as possible in one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's bouncing berths, ventured a word himself.

"Ah, but you Americans," he said, — "you Americans who 'match with destiny for beers' — you boast so much."

"Boast! why, we Chicagoans never boast — never."

But the Frenchman protested, and not only protested, but wagered, that he would not be in Chicago thirty minutes before some other breezy Westerner, whom he had never seen before, would boast, and twice boast.

As they were taking a cab at the station he was introduced by his escort to a prominent fellow citizen.

"Glad to meet you, sir. I claim you for tomorrow morning at ten. Will call in my car. Take you to the stockyards, sir. Biggest in the world."

As they were registering at the club, exactly

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sixteen minutes after the arrival of the train, he met another fellow citizen.

“Glad to know you, sir. First time in Chicago, eh? Well, well. Come with me for a spin along the avenue. Greatest boulevard in the world. Of course, you have your Mediterranean shores, and Nice, and all that, but no city in the world has any water-front like this. Here, boy, bring us one of those longest cigars. Can’t buy ‘em in any other town on the globe.”

The French traveler and essayist looked at his watch and then at his escort.

“Ah, my friend, you see I win. I have no doubt I shall like your biggest city, and your largest sewer, and your longest street, and your greatest stockyards. But not so fast, not so fast. I would much rather you would let them — what you call it — sink in.”

And he viewed Chicago — all that was biggest and best in the world — without any speed limit and with alien and prejudiced eyes. All quite human and according to the fundamentals of psychology. Most of us like to dis-



TWO KINDS OF SUMMER LIFE

Eastward Ho!

cover some of the biggest things for ourselves, and when we do, they are just about the biggest that ever were, and more lasting in impression.

Therefore, come with me. Let Maine sink in. You, gentle traveler, will supply the superlatives. Use them to your heart's content and I shall delight to hear them.

You will be struck first of all with the naturalness of the people and their environment. There is not much of the made-to-order in Maine, but a great deal of the made-by-nature. This impression comes upon you from one end of the State to the other, in all the seasons, from its remarkable coast-line, its lakes and mountains, its rapid rivers, streams, and brooks, from all the infinite variety of its scenery. There has been a disposition to let Nature take her course for one reason and another. Probably our Chicago friend would say from lack of enterprise, just as he would say of Venice, that "she is lacking in public spirit because she ain't had any kind of a boom in a hundred years."

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Go up into the hunting and fishing wilderness to-day and you will find the same conditions and customs, and all the primitive charm, described so minutely by Thoreau and by the other pioneer tourists of sixty and seventy years ago. Quite true, instead of the remains of an Indian camp, ashes, cow-moose skull, and hornstone arrowhead, you may now and then run into a limousine or a white tiled bath. But ten rods away and you are in the wilds again, and fish, and game, and solitude are yours. Nature is all about you everywhere. It sinks in with its quieting influence, and noise and nerves are no more. Where better can a man get his money and his neurasthenia away from the possibilities of panic, and wars, and rumors of wars, than here? And even as a matter of business, what pleasanter or safer harbor for the sincere capitalist in all kinds of financial weather, fair to foul? It is the recreation State of the nation, and that is business and pleasure combined. The State that catches first the gentle breezes of prosperity, just as it catches

Eastward Ho!

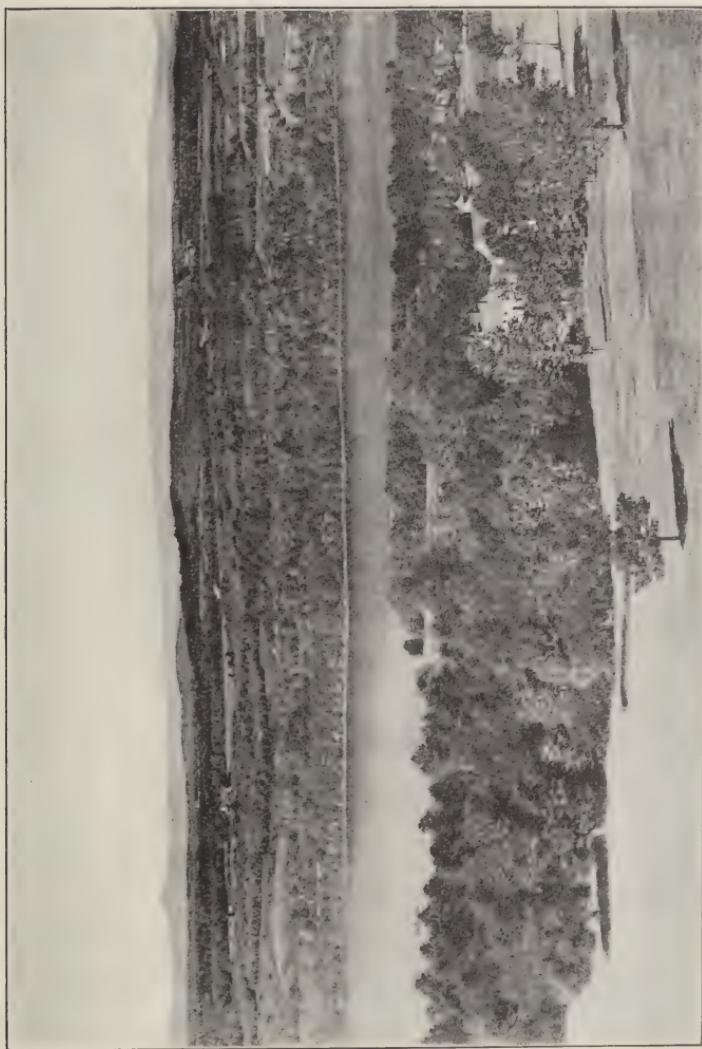
first the sunlight; the State that is shaken last by stress of financial gale because Nature has placed it on solid rock. More than this, Nature is our only partner and down in Maine there is no bottom to Nature's pocket. Still more than this, the most generous partner in all the world, for does she not furnish all the capital and give to us all the dividends?

Maine is more than a State of potentialities, it is one of vivid realities. It arrived centuries ago and is still here. And here it ever will be, with its one great asset undisturbed by fluctuations in Wall Street, independent of the legislation of a great nation, unaffected by the rise or fall of any party. A stock-ticker would look very strange on the shores of Parmachene, and no election can ever take the tonic out of the salt sea air. Give me a humble worm and a shady pool, or a fair breeze with everything set, and I count the rest of the world well lost.

Those of us who have remained at home and grown up with these realities have often failed to appreciate their full value. A lake, or a hill,

The Latchstring

or a beautiful valley, or a bay, or a harbor, like a prophet, is not without honor save in its own country, and he who goes away, even for a few months, gets a perspective of his State, swells with pride, gets homesick, and calls for the time-table. When we were boys we used to fish some brook or pond, or shoot some cover or piece of woods, all unconscious of its beauty, never dreaming that it contained health and rest. Go away, and you come back in manhood to find a chain of lakes and forests, not only with health and rest, but with real revenue-producing capital. When we were boys we shot in and out of harbors and bays innumerable in dories, and catboats, and sloops, with never a thought of what they possessed. Now the welcome summer visitor has marked them for his own. When we were boys we sat idly by and watched the rivers rush on unharnessed to the sea. Now they turn millions in machinery, move our cars, light, and will sometime heat, our houses. Some expert figured out the other day that the millions of horse-power in



BANKED ON THE NORTHWEST

Eastward Ho!

the rivers and streams of Maine were more valuable than the coal mines of Pennsylvania. They can turn every wheel in New England and furnish the motive power for every railroad. And the end is not only not yet, but is uncalculated. We are now capitalizing snowstorms in Maine, and winter visitors are coming for winter sports.

You will next be struck with the cleanliness and freshness of it all. Once here there is a sort of well-I-breathe-again feeling, and your desire is to do something and do it right away. Of course, those of us who were born here and grew up with the State and its wonderful climate—that is, some of us—get indolent, inactive, and lazy just the same as any one else. Human nature operates much the same in the long run at Molunkus and at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway. But if you come from New York, or Philadelphia, or especially from Chicago or Pittsburg, all the way down to Molunkus, or Wytopitlock, or Chesuncook, you will get the full effect of

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a decidedly changed atmosphere full of one hundred per cent efficiency. And may I also suggest, the actual existence of unsmooched white houses and clean lace curtains will both surprise and refresh.

Although indigenous to the soil, many times have I caught the visitor's feeling going down East. A day of travel through the eastern part of the Middle West, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with their dark-brown, lonely, hard-wood trees, with their barren-looking red soil and smoky back doors, a rather stuffy night on the train, and then a glide from Portland down through the fresh Maine morning air — if you will but open the windows — in and out of evergreen groves, across clean fields and clear and swiftly running streams, among the well-kept houses of village and farm, always white with their cool, dark-green blinds; and then some camp or hotel, inland or on the rugged and picturesque coast, — this, and who can say that you have not entered a new life in a new world? Yours — all yours — but for the

Eastward Ho!

inclination, the slightest of efforts, and a modest price.

We did this by way of Boston before the Maine trains came on direct from New York. And had I all the money that has already been spent in this useless war, I would still have ignored the cabs and have taken the Elevated from the South to the North Station just to catch that glimpse of salty T Wharf with its smacks, and bankers, and seiners, now lazy in the morning sun, but full of the real romance of the deep. I'd like to see Jim Connolly again, just to tell him how much he has helped me while waiting for trains out in Crawfordsville, Indiana. The merest glimpse do you get of this hardy sailoring, but it puts you on edge for Maine, and you wish you had taken the 8 o'clock instead of the 8.55. Not the least of your comforts is a fresh, clean train to carry you across the corner of New Hampshire, and then home.

This little journey is quite as satisfactory — to many more so — if taken in the winter,

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for then the delight of the contrast is all the greater. The sociable and cozy pines and spruces stand out against the snowy hills in fine relief, and there is an invitation all its own in the wood-fire smoke curling from the chimneys.

Up on the Western Promenade in staid, sedate, and delightful old Portland, stands a little cast-iron negro boy whose slavery was unaffected by Lincoln's Proclamation. Before the war, and night and day since the war, he has served his masters in the capacity of hitching-post on the curb in front of one of Maine's finest residences, not far from the statue of the great Reed. I remember, years ago, seeing a little Southern child, for the first time in the North, and far away from home, run up and kiss the shining iron cheek, a rather touching scene of childish ecstasy and loyalty. I have much the same feeling for any scrubby little spruce, wherever and whenever I find it.

Banked on the northwest by that magnificent Presidential Range, snow-tipped from



BOUNDED ON THE SOUTHEAST

Eastward Ho!

early October to May, bounded on the south-east by the deep, cool waters of the Atlantic, Maine has the most stimulating climate of any State in the Union. One can see Mount Washington from some point in half the towns of the State. Sir George Weymouth, and other early voyagers to the Maine coast in the seventeenth century, speak in their records of seeing these mountains from Monhegan. Members of the Maine Historical Society were in debate many years as to whether or not they could really have seen the White Mountains from this island so far out at sea, quite a hundred miles to the nearest peak as the bird flies. Finally, Dr. Henry S. Burrage, an officer of the Society, went to Monhegan, and, waiting for an exceptionally clear day, saw Mount Washington without the aid of a glass, verified the ancient records, and settled the dispute.

On the other hand, from the hills in many towns far back from the coast-line one can get glimpses of the ocean, and wherever you are in the State you always feel the near presence

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of mountain and sea. Besides the tonic of the air, there is a rest-giving effect in all this that brings health to body and brain, peace and pleasure to the senses.

And here have I, boasting I ne'er would boast, boasted.

II

THE OPEN DOOR

MORE than seventy years ago, people came here for recreation and rest. There seems to be no accurate account of the real beginnings of the resort industry in Maine — now the greatest in the State. Thoreau was doubtless the first of those mentioned in the “society column” as prominent people “summering” in Maine. And so we might call him the pioneer of some five hundred thousand visitors who now not only summer here, but spring, fall, and winter here as well. “On the 31st of August, 1846, I left Concord in Massachusetts, for Bangor, and the backwoods of Maine.” This was the trip to the summit of Mount Katahdin, the tip-top of the State, and he came for mild adventure, nature studies, and recreation. At least he may be called the first regular “re-sorter,” for he came again in 1853, canoeing the

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lakes and streams north of Moosehead, and again in 1857, to the Allegash. But even he speaks of "tourists" who had preceded him, and among his discoveries was a well-ordered hotel at Mount Kineo, though he fails to mention such modern conveniences as electric curling-irons and house detectives.

People in New England began their "touring" by making short trips to the White Mountains, in the early days called the "White Hills," and to the "shore" for fish dinners. These became annual migrations among the wealthy and well-to-do in the fifties and sixties, and out of these grew the summer cottage and hotel life, now so extensive and charming in Maine. I well remember with what childish interest and awe and great curiosity we looked on the people who came from other States merely for pleasure. Us boys — I must say "us boys" just once more — us boys especially could not understand it; for pleasure was to be found, not by such a dull thing as a brook or a pond, but in Washington Street and



BIG NATURE, SILENT, INSPIRING

The Open Door

Broadway, known to us only by tradition and rumor.

One joyous summer spent in the little town of Salem, in Franklin County, in Uncle Rufus Blake's fine old brick farmhouse, right at the foot of three-peaked Mount Abraham, stands out in bold relief in the memories of boyhood. The great event of that season was a trip up old Abraham, and a night spent on the highest peak. All the neighbors and their visitors were invited, and fifty or sixty care-free, shouting children, old and young, made up the expedition, undertaken, of course, just after haying, as a sort of celebration of a good crop, and a bit of outing for the tired harvester. Although it was midsummer, we all slept on pine and spruce boughs, in a circle about an immense bonfire, which, they afterwards told us, could be seen in towns for miles around. There were no nights in Arabia like this — of course. It was all so weird and wonderful. Such songs, and helloings, such stories of bears, and moose, and wolves. And one of the older men, not to

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be outdone, drew on his imagination for a cougar — pronounced *cow-jer*, if you please, — yes, sir, *cow-jer*, he knew — which he had seen just beyond that big boulder down on the number two level. And such a supper and breakfast, with hot coffee made over the coals, and raspberries picked on the way, and flap-jacks made by Aunt Amy, with honey; and then that Washington pie — those Washington pies rather — brought by the Dud Briggses from over across the stream! Ah, that was many years ago, and much has happened, but the vivid memory of that Washington pie — those Washington pies rather — lingered long after the first skates were forgotten. There was much to interest a small boy, and sink in, on that eventful night. I had never before slept under the stars, and everything impressed me because I was for the first time in the complete environment of big Nature, silent, expansive, inspiring. But in the final analysis, which I was compelled to make under inquisition at home, I found I had been most deeply

The Open Door

impressed by the sight of summer boarders from a neighboring State, who had come down to Maine for a vacation, and made up part of the mountain party. For weeks afterwards I made every excuse to go over to the boarding-house, the pioneer resort of the region, just to get a glimpse of the visitors, and some idea of the customs, dress, thoughts, and general atmosphere of folks who had come from far away — Massachusetts. And I was not unlike other boys. At first we laughed — a little — at them. Then they laughed at us. Now, when they come to Maine — half a million of them every year — we laugh together at the rest of the world.

The shore houses and small hotels along the gentle and picturesque water-front of York County, from the ancient town of York down to Pine Point, were among the first in Maine to take "regular summer boarders" from other States. In the interior, the hill and lake region, the hotel at Poland Springs was the first to go into the resort industry on an extensive scale.

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But the hanging sign of “Wentworth Ricker, 1797” swung to the winds and rains and snows for more than half a century before the tourist finally supplanted the stage traveler. Then it was that Grandfather Ricker, found health properties in the spring down on the side of the hill, advertised it in the weekly papers, sent the water away in barrels, and money, boarders, and fame came back. The best example I know of preaching a better sermon, writing a better book, or building a better mouse-trap than your neighbor, and having the world make a beaten path to your door, though you have built your house in the woods — and on a hill. The same philosophy applies to spring water and country sausages.

Just before this an important international sporting event took place, which in New England attracted attention to the western part of Maine, and especially to the country hotels. And you never knew of the great post-road race from Portland to Montreal, with the sacred English mail? Well, listen, my children, and



“IN CELEBRATION OF A GOOD CROP”

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you shall hear of the midnight, and midday, ride of Hobbs, and Bodge, and Waterhouse—good, old-fashioned Maine names, and good, old-fashioned Maine stage-drivers who did things. I cannot find that the story of this race was ever published, although mention must have been made of it in the newspapers of the time. I have picked it up, fragment by fragment, from people now living along the route, who have heard their fathers and mothers tell of the event, and one man I found who not only saw part of the great drive, but took care of one of the horses—Sewell Brackett, of Poland, still hale and hearty at ninety, and with memory unimpaired. While everybody whom I saw seemed to know just what occurred, nobody could tell just when it occurred. It was midwinter, sometime in the forties. That, at least, seems to be established. Mr. Brackett, who was born in 1825, and is doubtless the best living authority on the matter, says he was more than fifteen years old at the time, and is sure he was not twenty. By a process of

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intricate mathematical deduction, having first placed confidence in Uncle Sewell's retentive memory,—which, of course, we should,—we arrive at the conclusion that it was in the early forties, and there the matter of date, which, after all, is of inferior concern, must rest.

Then, as now, the winter port of Canada was in the States, and Portland with her better and nearer harbor was beginning to loom large as a rival of Boston, in spite of the fact that the latter was the larger city and more important commercial center. The British Government was concerned in getting the foreign mails to Montreal in the quickest possible time after they were landed by steamer on this side of the Atlantic. Boston, as was Boston's way in those days, said, "Why, our way, of course,—up across New Hampshire and northern Vermont to the St. Lawrence." Portland offered the Maine route,—up through Cumberland, western Androscoggin, and Oxford Counties, across the northern wedge of New Hampshire, then into the Province of Quebec to Montreal.

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They had a preliminary trial — a sort of scoring — and Boston won. But this was because the mails were delivered in Boston, where they had a long start, due to the wreck of the Eastern Railroad train which carried the bag to be sent by way of Portland. Then the Maine dander was up, and the real race was on. Bear in mind that the transportation was by good, old-fashioned horse-power along the established stage routes. Portland contended that a fair test required at least an even start. So it was arranged that a small packet should take the Maine bag from the English steamer somewhere out in the Gulf of Maine, southeast of Cape Elizabeth. Then the steamer was to proceed to Boston, and the grand drive was to begin under conditions more nearly equal.

Great were the preparations down here in Maine. They went on for months. Morgan horses were obtained wherever possible, and they were trained to the hour. There were relays from three to five miles, and in several instances, according to the hills, the run for

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one horse was only two miles. For weeks all along the route they were exercised and rubbed, and rubbed and exercised. No thoroughbred racer was ever more carefully prepared for the Derby. The expenses of these preparations, and the race itself, were paid by popular subscriptions along the road, all the way from Portland to Montreal. Everybody had native pride in the affair. All were interested, many excited.

Who could tell then when an ocean steamer would arrive? All that was known on this side was the date on which she was expected to sail. So the little packet tossed outside for days, and up in the Portland Observatory on Munjoy Hill sat a lookout day and night, ready to give a prearranged signal whenever the steamer herself, or the packet coming in, should be sighted. Well down on Congress Street were a pair of horses and driver, ready to start out along the route to notify the real participants to hitch up and be ready, the mail had arrived. As a matter of fact, there were two or three

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relays of this notification committee, and they reached Paris Hill before the racers themselves caught up.

Selected to make this historic drive were the three best stage-drivers on the roads from Portland to Montreal — Hobbs, and Bodge, and Waterhouse. And in this order, for each was chosen for the section which he knew best — Hobbs from Portland to Gorham, New Hampshire; Bodge from Gorham to St. Hyacinthe; and Waterhouse from St. Hyacinthe to Montreal.

Hobbs, and Bodge, and Waterhouse — personages in those days. Of course there were senators and governors, and the like, but they were mythical, read about, never seen in the flesh. But stage-drivers, — ah, they were real and important! And likewise, later, the railroad conductors, their successors in the onward march of progress. How well I remember Mister Bodge — another Bodge — and Mister Barrel, the passenger conductors through our town. Big men these. One of them spoke to

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me once. And I was swollen with inordinate worldly pride. He told me to get off the car steps. I got, but had I not been addressed by a greater than kings? And genial Johnny Mace, now dean of the main-line men, is about the only connecting link between the old-school conductors and the new order. Always cheerful, ever polite and helpful, it is a privilege to hand over to him your ticket, and a lesson in daily courtesy to see him assist the feeble and inform the ignorant. He makes traveling a pleasure. May his white pink ever be fresh and fragrant, and his shadow never grow less. I am glad of this bit of digression to pay mild tribute to a public-service official, who has served the public long, faithfully, and well.

At last! The mail arrived. The signal was waved from the Observatory to the waiting outrider, who was soon away, and Hobbs, with his Morgan thoroughbred and skeleton sleigh, was in waiting at what are now known as the Grand Trunk docks. The mail-bag was



LAST OF THE COVERED TOLL-BRIDGES

The Open Door

strapped to his back, so that in case of accident to the sleigh, he could jump on the horse and ride on without delay, or, should accident happen to both horse and sleigh, he could run on himself to the next relay. And away dashed the hardy Hobbs on his wild ride, probably amid the cheers of the crowd. Up India Street and out by Allen's Corner, where a fresh team awaited him. It took less than a minute to make the change, for along the road where the warnings had been given, the horses were all harnessed and ready for the run. There were half a dozen changes between Portland and Ricker Hill, Poland, one of which was at Brown's Tavern, at Gray Corner, famous among the early stage-road inns of Maine, kept — and tradition says well kept — by the father of the late J. B. Brown, who might himself be called the father of modern Portland. The buildings are still standing. Hobbs had the hardest part of the ride. A few days before the start there was a good-sized snowstorm along his section, and the country roads were

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in poor condition, some being badly drifted. The race proceeded without any extraordinary incident until the foot of Shaker Hill, on the northern side, was reached. There the horse plunged through a big drift. But the sleigh stuck. The tugs and other parts of the harness snapped, and the racer was soon clear of the rigging. But not clear of the spry and resourceful Hobbs, for he held to the reins, jumped the dasher, pulled in the steaming steed, mounted, and rode the long hill to the Ricker House at a smart canter. Here he was received with due ceremony by Sam Mills, Wentworth Ricker's trusty horseman, who had a fresh team in readiness. It seems that Hobbs's mishaps were bunched in this short section of the ride, for Sewell Brackett, who stabled and rubbed down his horse, says that on turning too sharply into the yard, the rider was thrown and pitched into a big drift. As before, he was uninjured, and little time was lost. Meantime, the precaution of strapping on the mail-bag had justified itself.

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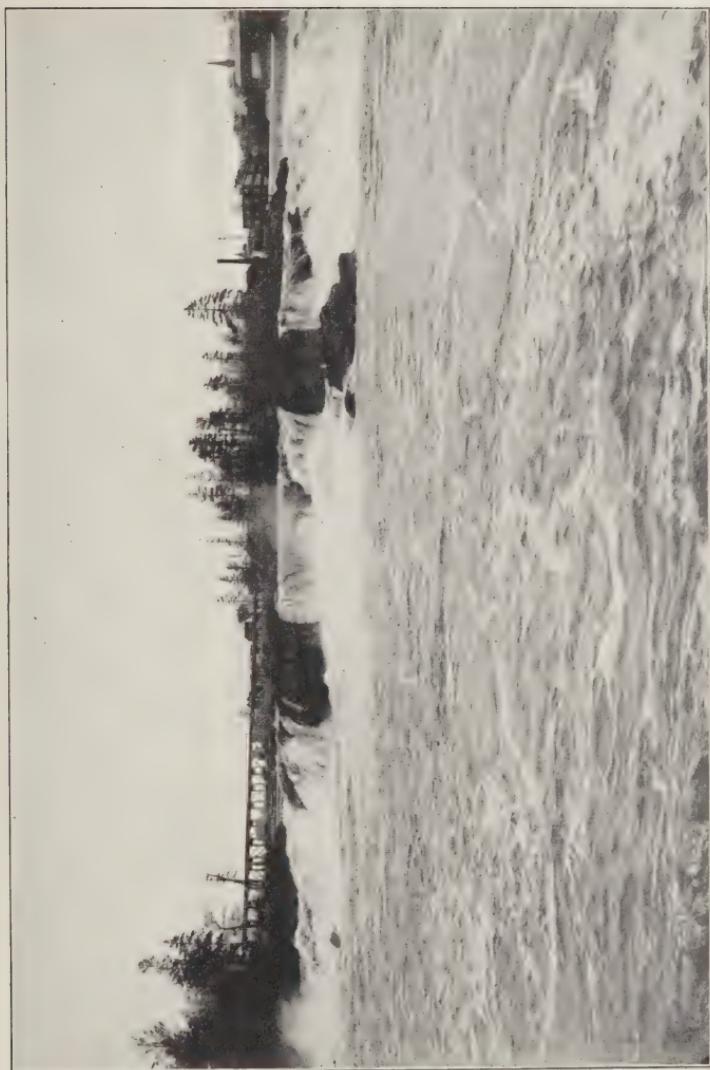
Thus the ride went on, up and down the hills of Oxford, with now and then a cheer at the taverns and stores, and, so far as I can learn, without untoward event. The going got much better beyond Bethel, and Hobbs crossed the State line and rode into Gorham, New Hampshire, man and horse in good form. Here Bodge took up the running, under much the same conditions, except that he had to wait for fresh teams to be harnessed, as there was no means of sending word ahead after the advance guard had been passed at Paris Hill. Waterhouse caught on at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. He had the shortest of the three runs, and the best roads, and rode in record time into Montreal, where he was given the keys and freedom of the city and all that goes with them, which — they tell me — means much or means little in Montreal, according to the capacity of the hero. Let us hope that he was a modest hero, and bore the responsible burdens of hospitality wisely and not too well. The newspapers of Canada made much of the

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event, and the arrival of Waterhouse was ceremoniously announced in the Canadian Parliament in session at the time.

But what of the Boston riders?—Had n't been heard of. Nobody seemed to know where they were—or cared. There's nothing quite so uninteresting in Montreal—or anywhere else—as a loser. The Maine route and the Maine drivers had won, and won handsomely. They were the fellows! You will get some idea of the extent of the winning when you appreciate that at the moment when Waterhouse delivered his mail-bag at the Montreal Post-Office, the mail by way of Boston was somewhere between Newport, Vermont, and St. Johnsbury. The distance by the carriage road of those days from Portland to Montreal was about three hundred miles. The run was made in twenty hours, or an average of about fifteen miles an hour.

I cannot say how much influence, if any, this famous ride had on subsequent enterprises, but within a decade the Grand Trunk Rail-



LEWISTON FALLS: TYPE OF DEVELOPED POWER

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way was completed from Montreal to tidewater at Portland, and it nowhere runs far from the roads taken by the three Maine stage-drivers. Another not uninteresting result was the promotion of Hobbs, Bodge, and Waterhouse to the post of conductor on the new railroad, and they are said by men who often traveled with them to have enjoyed all the glory and prominence that go with the great office. Whatever else happened, certain it is that the event attracted a great deal of attention in other States, and who can say that it did not bring us many a sojourner, who, curious and doubtful, perhaps, came to scoff and remained to play?

We know by actual figures the tremendous possibilities of the water-powers of Maine. We know by calculation what we are doing and can do in manufacturing, what we are doing and can do in agriculture, what the forests produce. But we are only just beginning to find out, by a process of calculation, crude though it must necessarily be, that the resort

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business, to speak in plain business terms, is to-day the greatest industry of the State as a revenue producer to all classes of citizens. I go beyond this. When you take into consideration that, unlike any other industry, it brings in entirely new money from out of the State, and distributes it among all classes of people in the State, from the lawyer to the guide, philosopher and friend,— not forgetting the bell-boy,— it bids fair in the future to exceed any two industries combined.

In round numbers these are the values of the annual products of the leading industries in Maine: Shipbuilding, \$3,000,000; foundry and machine shops, \$4,000,000; canning and preserving fish, \$4,500,000; boots and shoes, \$12,600,000; woolen and worsted goods, \$17,500,000; cotton goods, \$15,400,000; lumber and timber products, \$22,000,000; pulp and paper, \$22,900,000. I shall probably surprise you when I say that the actual money value of the resort industry in the State amounts to more than the entire value of the product of all

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the great pulp and paper mills, the greatest in the quoted list. The experts in the transportation and hotel business have made this calculation from the best available returns. As best they can, they keep account of the people coming into Maine each year purely for pleasure. This number in the last few years they find has been between 450,000 and 500,000 for the months of June, July, August, and September. There must be added thousands more who come for the early spring fishing, which begins in April, and for the fall shooting, which does not end until the last of December. It is further estimated by these experts that each visitor, from the time he crosses the State line until he returns again, leaves at least \$50—a low enough figure, indeed. Thus it will be seen that a low estimate of the annual revenue from this source is \$25,000,000, and it is all new money. While much of the profit of Maine mills must be distributed in other States, because other States furnish a large part of the capital, the resort revenue comes

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from out of the State and is distributed and circulated among our own people. There is not a class that does not receive its share. For instance, I know of one hotel alone that spends among the farmers within a radius of fifteen miles more than \$40,000 each year for fresh vegetables, cream, and eggs. And the farmer, who looked at first with curiosity and then with some aversion at the "resorter," now begins to appreciate his value.

And did you ever realize that in this great industry, instead of depleting the resources, instead of destroying, we are actually increasing and building up? A mine or a quarry or a forest may be exhausted as it brings in revenue to its owner, the price of the product may rise or fall with the market, often the toy of schemers. But here is the State of Maine, with its 1600 lakes and ponds, its 5000 streams and rivers, its grand hills and picturesque valleys, its 3000 miles of seacoast, in bays, and harbors, and delightful inlets,—and here they will ever remain, their intrinsic value always the same.



RIPOGENUS GORGE: UNDEVELOPED

The Open Door

I have spoken of climate. The doctors tell us that wide variations in temperature are bad for the human voice. And in the course of a year, down in Maine, the temperature varies to an extent of one hundred and fifty degrees. Yet this State has produced three of the world's great singers. Who will deny this title to Annie Louise Cary, Nordica, and Emma Eames? Who that has heard their voices will ever forget them?

And here am I, boasting I ne'er would boast,
still boasting.

III

AND THIS WAS MAINE

OPEN your geography at a map of the United States and look it over. Then get into your mind the very important question of summer temperatures. You will find at a glance, and on the briefest consideration, that the only section of the country east of the Rocky Mountains that gives complete and perennial assurance of cool weather in the warm months is the coast of Maine.

I have slept away forty-one summers on Squirrel Island, at the entrance of Boothbay Harbor, and am something of an amateur thermometer crank. In all this time I have never known the mercury to rise above sixty-nine degrees between sunset and sunrise, during the four months of June, July, August, and September. Sometimes it goes down to fifty-five, and in cool northerers to fifty, but for

And this was Maine

the greater part of the time it is in the sixties, — good sleeping temperature. The reason, of course, is quite plain and simple, the tempering influence of the deep salt water, never above the fifties, always at work night and day, always vital.

Here are the real bold coasts of the Atlantic States. In hundreds of places, the conditions of sea permitting, an ocean liner could run up to the very rocks, make fast to a hardy spruce, and land passengers and cargo without even scratching the paint of her under-body. On the other hand, still glancing at the map, you will note that, with the exception of a few short sections like the north shore of Massachusetts and Newport, Rhode Island, the coastline from western Maine way down to the tip end of Florida is low, flat, sandy, and monotonous, the water shallow, insipid, and warm. Of course, on these endless beaches there is the delight of salt bathing in waters of higher temperature, but one can get this in western Maine, where there are beaches — good and

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hard beaches, to be sure, but not endless, praise be. And besides, who would wear himself out with bathing all the time? And when you have said bathing, you have said the alpha and omega and all the rest of the alphabet of the other resorts reaching down to the south.

Think of it — think of it, if you happen to be reading this inadequate chapter in some hot, stuffy room on a hot, stuffy night in — say Philadelphia or Washington. The weather man, who is neither romantic nor æsthetic, — nor has he any cottage lots for sale, — who deals in the stern realities of cold figures, — the weather man tells me that the average temperature for the coast of Maine in the last forty-four years for the summer months of June, July, and August was 65.7 degrees. And this, mind you, taking into the account a few days each year when the mercury runs up into the nineties just to give pleasant contrast, days which you really enjoy because you know that sundown will bring back the refreshment of coolness and return to you the

And this was Maine

vitality of the typical Maine atmosphere. The mean temperature of the interior for the same months is but little higher. At Greenville, up in the Moosehead region, where the Government maintains a weather station, the average is about the same, and at Poland, where private enterprise keeps the record, not so far back from the coast, but still quite typical of the interior resorts, the average is about one degree higher.

Sailing one season with the International Brotherhood of Multimillionaires, I came across in the good ship Queen Mab, Captain Nathaniel Francis, from Vineyard Haven to Mount Desert, in an outside race of some two hundred miles which marked the wind-up of the annual August cruise of the New York Yacht Club for that year. I took on a new pride in Maine, and, I feel quite sure, a new lease of life. We had been drifting about the Sound for a week, with never a sail-full and ever a shift of fickle airs. Sheets were limp, booms and blocks a-slat,—what a fine ex-

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pressive word for the doldrums! Vision was obscured by soft-coal smoke from stacks afloat and ashore, hanging heavy and dull, low and lifeless. There was everywhere a plethora of inertness and insipidity. We just lolled. Few, if any, even answered the call to—arms—when the hot red ball of a sun crossed the yardarm.

Rounding Pollock Rip lightship at five o'clock of an otherwise dull Saturday afternoon, a gentle but steady southwester, originating somewhere in the vicinity of a Hoboken gas plant, caught up with us. We set the spinnaker, laid a course for Baker's Island Light, something like "nothe-east by nothe"—very long, nasal *o*—and let her splosh along through the night. The rakish but good ship Corsair, Captain J. P. Morgan, was the steam convoy of the fleet. I remember with distinctness that as night shut down, the good ship Sappho, one of the big schooner class, Captain Thomas B. Reed, First Mate Mark Twain, was only about two hundred yards away on our port quarter. Some one on board was laughing.



“SAILING WITH THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD”

And this was Maine

When we arose in the morning — temporarily — to see the sun, still a red ball, come out of the water, there was the *Sappho* still in the same relative position, having neither gained nor lost an inch. Some one on board was still laughing — and rather inordinately for a quiet New England Sunday morning. We finished the run at seven o'clock that evening, still carrying the spinnaker, and without touching a sheet or a halyard in twenty-six hours. When we all came to anchor in a snug little berth at the southern end of Mount Desert Island there was still a bit of haze, and the last of the craft to round the murky light and anchor rode in on the death of the gas-plant breeze. Gloomy we dined, and gloomy we smoked and read and dozed, and gloomy we sought our gloomy bunks. The spell of the flat waters of the Sound was still abroad, and it was an unambitious floating Brotherhood.

And then the morning! And such a morning! No attempted amateur description is needed for any one who has aroused himself and his

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shipmates under like conditions on a real Maine coast morning. It is enough to say that a stiff northwester, originating somewhere up among the pines, where the air is one hundred per cent pure, was blowing down through Bluehill Bay, over Green Mountain, and pushing whitecaps out to sea. Captains, and mates, and sailors, and poets, and multimillionaires, and statesmen, and humorists, and mortals were early astir and out on deck. There was no stage sunrise that morning, — deep breathing was the only bracer, — and — “Steward, breakfast on deck!” And there were fresh tinker mackerel.

Now, it is very undignified to shout from one good ship to another during a dignified cruise of the dignified New York Yacht Club — see section 28 of the amended constitution. But yachting decorum went to the northwest winds, and poets, and statesmen, and the like skylarked, and called to their friends, and ran up and down the decks, — a few were inspired into the rigging, — and somebody pushed some-

And this was Maine

body overboard, and the good ship *Sappho*, Captain Thomas B. Reed, First Mate Mark Twain, no longer had a monopoly of laughter. It takes cocktails and champagne to do this in the Sound, but up here — it's all in the air.

And this was Maine! And I was proud. So, with single reefs, we beat it up by Schooner Head and into Bar Harbor, as happy, care-free, and boyish a lot of multimillionaires as ever robbed a widow and orphan.

I wish to say now, before going back to York Harbor to sail east closer inshore, that there was money for Maine in that night's shift of wind. For many a big yacht-owner did I hear say this — or something like this: "Well, by George, this is *great*. I have been wasting time west of the Cape. Me for Maine in the good old summer time," — in the good old Brotherhood vernacular. And I've seen him, and many of him, many times since enjoying himself in the soft shore airs, not only in his palace afloat, but in his palace ashore, built afterwards as a permanent summer home.

IV

KITTERY TO SAIL ROCK

THE only really reprehensible thing connected with the coast of Maine is that rickety old bridge from Portsmouth to Kittery. George Varney, in his "Gazetteer of Maine," says it was built in 1822. It looks it—and rides it. If you have time, go downstream and take the little ferry. You will go only a little farther and certainly fare no worse. Incidentally, you will get a nearer view of a small projection of land whose official but unchristian name is "Pull-and-be-Damned Point." Go down even if you have n't time. You will do your individual part in serving justifiable protest and hastening the welcome day of a new gateway into the garden.

However, you may cross the harmless Piscataqua any way you like. Once over, and you have ridden, or walked, into the region of



A DISAPPEARING RIG

Kittery to Sail Rock

“romantic interest, every inlet its history and beauty.” Here was the western theater of the great Indian wars of colonial Maine, when the hardy pioneer and the wily redman — Ugh! Why speak of wars — now? Especially when Williamson and Varney and the other historians of this historic State were the last words in Indian uprisings? Besides, are we not on recreation bent? And have not Mr. Howells and John Kendrick Bangs completely pacified the shores of ancient York with charming personality, gentle humor, and delightful writing?

If you go into the expensive navy yard at Kittery, they will first of all point out the unpretentious stores-room where Russia and Japan made their peace ten years ago, and then tell you that the signing of the treaty was postponed half an hour because of the absence of champagne glasses, an accident due to excusable thoughtlessness, of course, because the ceremony was taking place on Maine soil where people are not supposed to be thinking of cham-

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pagne. I should have been skeptical about this historic international near-tragedy had I not seen it and reported it in the journals of the times. And may I quote:

“French champagne, or rather the absence of American champagne glasses, played an important, not to say humorous, part in the conclusion of the Peace of Portsmouth. It is a foreign custom to drink the health of the sovereigns of the two countries concerned at the conclusion of such a ceremony. It is almost never omitted, and the standard wine of all the world is used. M. Witte, Baron Rosen, Baron Komura, and Minister Takahira were waiting in the anteroom for the Russian and Japanese secretaries to finish the reading and comparison of the four copies of the treaty. Finally it was announced that they were ready for the signatures, when the awful discovery was made that, while the champagne necessary for the conclusion of peace was in readiness, the champagne glasses were not. The indignity of drinking out of bottles would never

Kittery to Sail Rock

do, so the ceremony of signing was delayed while glasses were brought from Portsmouth."

It occurs to me now that they might have been found hard by at the mansion of Sir William Pepperell, who once led the soldiers of the New England colonies. There are curiosities there of interest to the antiquarian, and champagne glasses may be among them.

There are half a dozen different ways of going down the Maine coast — we always say "down," even down here. By any one of them it is possible to get the full benefit and enjoyment of its vitality and scalloped scenery. Take the steam train and "stop off" all the way down to Eastport and you can't go far wrong. Nowhere in the world are the delights of "trolleying" in summer any greater, and with the exception of only one break you can thus make the trip from Kittery to Old Town, with scores of worth-while trolley détours. And one can motor the coast by land or by sea and miss nothing of its beauty. Then there are two old-fashioned ways — I suppose my

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gasoline friends would call them primitive—sailing and walking. Each has its particular charm and I advise the visitor who has the time and the poetry not to overlook either. Happy, careless days were those when we were turned loose in catboats and small sloops cruising Whittier's "hundred-harbored Maine." I did this nearly every year in a twenty-foot catboat from Cape Elizabeth to Frenchman's Bay, from the time when I was twelve years old till long after college days, scooting in and out of the many rivers and harbors, lurching ashore, now here, now there; or on board, now here, now there, sleeping in the cockpit, the sleep of the just and unterrified, with the sky the limit. And there were sailors in those days! Some of our boys could make a cat or a sloop do everything but sing and lecture on moral philosophy. Ask Frank Houston. And some day,—at least, I hope,—when the rush hour has passed, when the craze for getting there anyhow, somehow, but soon, has run its course, the calm, gentle, meditative, and highly bene-

Kittery to Sail Rock

ficial exercise of walking will come back. When it does, and you can enjoy its measured delights without being too much out of style, do as much of the Maine coast as you can that way. Do it a hundred times and you'll find a hundred new attractions.

Northeast out of Kittery, and following along the general direction of the coast-line, we come to the group of royal Yorks,— York Harbor, York Beach, York Cliffs, and, just inside, York Village and York Corner. Quiet, restful places these, with an air of refinement and letters in both the cottage and hotel life. There is gentle inspiration in the undulating nature of York County, and no wonder some of America's best thinkers, writers, and artists find here congenial environment. And then Ogunquit, with its good hotels, and Wells, and the Kennebunks,— Kennebunk Village, quiet, peaceful, charming, with its tremendous Lafayette Elm, its handsome old church, its clean white houses, and its kitchen gardens bordered with old-fashioned single hollyhocks and

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pink phlox,— and down below, a delightful drive or walk, the newer Port and Beach.

The grand sweeping curve of Old Orchard Beach, from Biddeford Pool on the south to Prout's Neck on the north, the scene of Winslow Homer's best work, where the waters are bluer and the sandy shores harder than anywhere else, is world-famous. It was one of the first of the big summer resorts of New England and still holds its place in popularity.

Nature was both lavish and methodical in preparing the entrance to Maine through restful old York with its gently sloping shores and hills. Beyond, the coast is steep and rocky, in places mountainous, and the gradual advance into rugged territory delights and rests the traveler's eye with its slow but constant changes. Nowhere more than on the Scarborough marshes, just across the county line in Cumberland, painted many times by many artists in softest of greens and an atmosphere of peace and complete rest. I have sat for hours — yes, days — in ugly shooting-boxes



THE SCARBORO MARSHES

Kittery to Sail Rock

in the very center of these marshes, and wondered, with never a thought of a gun. It is difficult to make either mental or verbal analysis of this particular part of Maine scenery. You feel it, but cannot describe it. And just as well, for is there not content in Nature's unsolved mysteries and is it not sometimes supreme? There is much the same feeling as you come suddenly to the slight rise of land at the very end of the street-car line on Cape Elizabeth, with the majesty and mystery of the deep sea on the left, and immediately before you, and on the right, the soft hazes of Spurwink, a continuation of the Scarboro marshes — a view that never becomes monotonous, ever soothes and often inspires.

Standing one spring day on one of the Grand Trunk docks in Portland, I saw one of the big ocean steamers that make this port in winter cast off, put to sea, and get into open water in twenty minutes without assistance from a tug, and without once having turned at right angles. Where is there a deep-water harbor

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so large, so well sheltered, so nearly perfect in all the requirements of a harbor, that can present a spectacle like this? Yes, my Chicago friend, *some* harbor—I can hear you say it. And quite true. But I only mention it as a mere matter of form—just to get by. For who that writes or speaks of Portland ever omits to say that its harbor is the best in the world? True, to be sure, but trite. Everybody who knows harbors knows this. To expatiate would be like persisting verbosely that Switzerland is a hilly country. The real thing about Portland is that it is unlike any other American city. It has individuality, distinction. And these are all the time impressive. Some of our newer and livelier municipal neighbors may call it “oppressive,” and the individuality that of a refrigerator—but, of course, by way of jocularity and not in envy. But even if in justice, have not refrigerators their uses?

With the exception possibly of a few periods of strenuous upbuilding in the very early days,

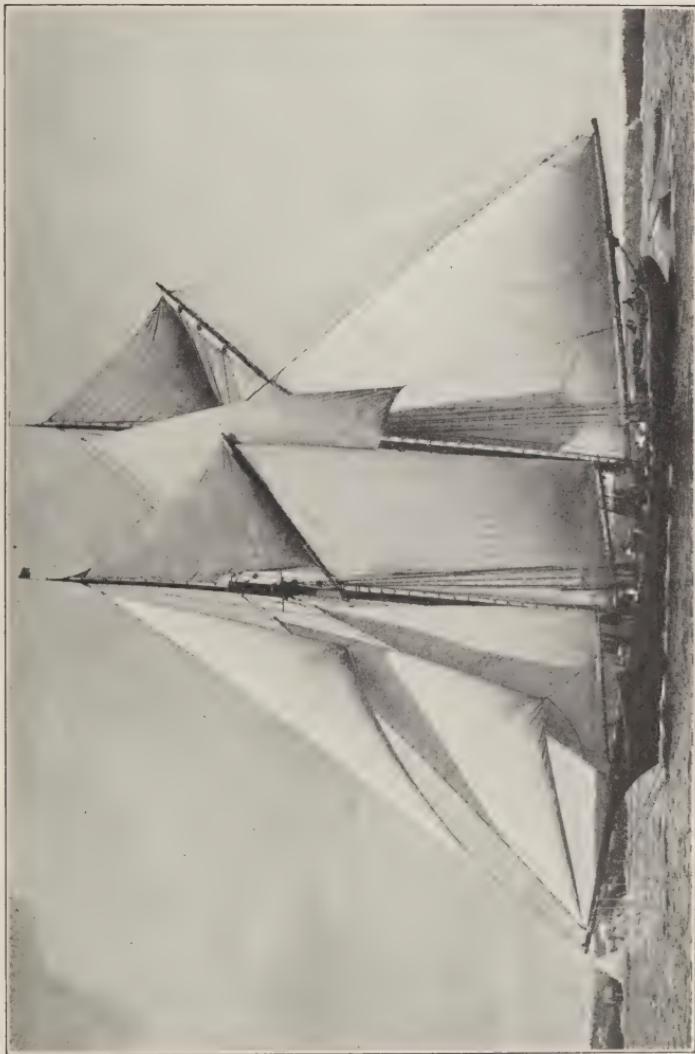
Kittery to Sail Rock

and the recovery from the great fire of 1866, the City of Portland has not been guilty of being a "boom town." It has never suffered either the action or reaction of the "booster" process which has seemed so necessary to the existence of cities of corresponding size in the West. It is enterprising on the best lines,— steady, not noisy. Its business life is conservative, sound, just, with the substance of generous and fair-minded men, not of great but of modest wealth. Its social life is filled with the charm and hospitality of genuine men and women affected neither by restless ambition nor foolish feelings of superiority. Its religious life is broad-minded, as it should be, and not hysterical, as it should not be. Billy Sunday would get a hearing, but women would not fall faint in the sawdust. Of course, there are no statistics on which to make any accurate statements, but I venture that there is no city in the world that does more in the way of effective charity in proportion to its means. There is real wholesomeness and dignity in the general

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life, and the city in its entirety always seems to be conscious that Longfellow was its poet and Fessenden and Reed were its statesmen.

I am tarrying a bit longer in Portland, not out of any prejudice as a resident, but because its people are characteristic of Maine people, it is the metropolis of the State, and the distributing center and portal to its many pleasure places. As a place of permanent residence, where is its equal in America for him who prefers the small city—and who should not? For him who enjoys the change of seasons—and who does not? For him who would combine the delights of seashore and country life?—for here they are, both in ten minutes. As a resort in summer it is annually found most satisfying to many thousands of people, while visitors to the central and eastern Maine resorts find it a convenient and entertaining stopping-place both going and coming. And where has America a seacoast city with such outlooks as those from the Eastern and Western Promenades, the one towering abruptly from



A SEINER ON THE MAINE COAST
"Full of the real romance of the deep"

Kittery to Sail Rock

the harbor with the open sea and the whole of Casco Bay in view, the other overlooking the fields and forests and hills of western Maine, on to the White Mountains, which on clear days stand out as mighty sentinels of a chosen land? An American city indeed unique, and if in no other respect certainly in the wonderful municipal organ and its great influence for education and refined entertainment for its own people and its guests. When the new City Hall was built, a structure, by the way, that represents the very highest conception in New England architecture, Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, of Philadelphia, a native and summer resident of the State, presented the city with a grand organ which was built into the auditorium of the municipal building. It is one of the three great organs of the world, and is now regarded by musicians as the best in the world. Under the direction of a music commission of citizens, the municipality employs at an annual salary one of the most famous of American organists, and each Sunday afternoon a free

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concert is given to thousands, and at other times during the week at popular prices. Every afternoon during the summer months an hour's concert is given, and these are largely attended by summer visitors who come for many miles for this musical welcome.

Every poet who has ever seen Casco Bay and its islands has put them into verse, every one a "gem." And why not? It is a beautiful sheet of water and whether you sail down among its hundreds of islands or view them from the car line from Portland to Yarmouth, — called by many travelers the most picturesque trolley ride in the East, — you have before you a placid and beautiful picture.

And now the Kennebec, guarded night and day by somber Seguin, and then on to the east where the shore-line, while growing more rugged, becomes more deeply indented with bays and inlets. There is quite as much exciting history about the Kennebec and Sheepscot River region as in any part of the State. But now tranquillity reigns and they are visited

Kittery to Sail Rock

every year by many thousands of people because of their calm and picturesque beauty. Just around the quaint little fishing settlement of Cape Newagen, famous in tradition and story, is Boothbay Harbor and its charming islands, first known as a resort more than forty-five years ago. As a harbor, well sheltered and bold of shore, in size it ranks second to Portland only. And in size it is not to be ignored, for in the old days, prior to the universality of gasoline, in a grim northeaster I have seen five hundred sail,— seiners, bankers, and coasters, every one in a safe and snug berth,— anchored all the way from Mouse Island to the head of the harbor.

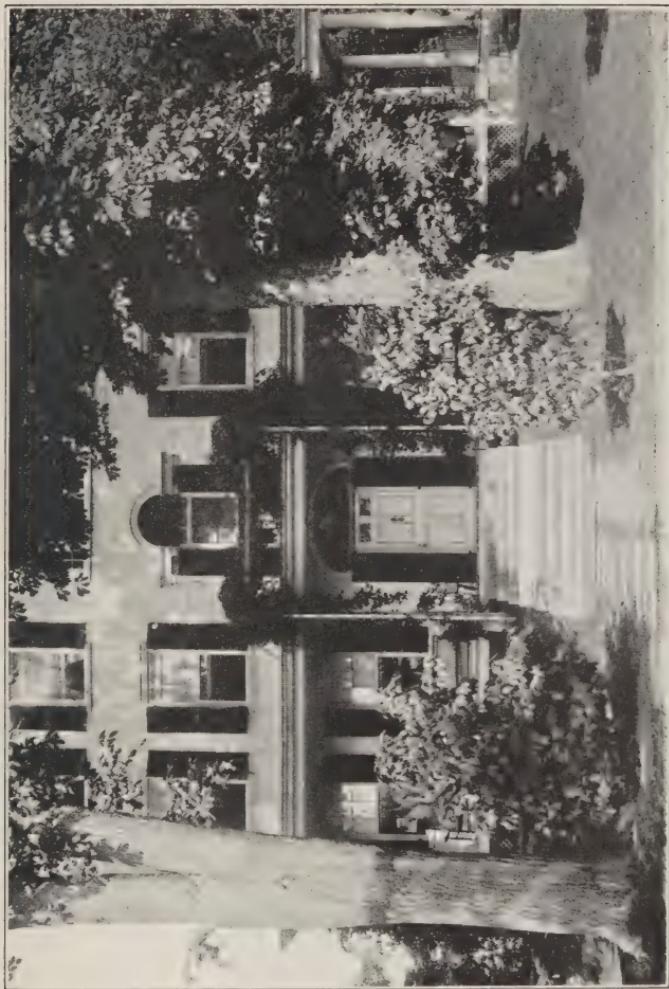
The most important breakwater for this rather remarkable shelter is Squirrel Island, known almost the world over as one of the most beautiful on the New England coast. Here it was in the early seventies that the pioneer colony of “summer people” for this center section of the Maine coast was founded, led by Nelson Dingley, at that time Governor

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of the State. It originated as a seashore outing-place for a few Kennebec and Androscoggin people, and has since grown into the summer home of people from almost every State in the Union, altogether unique and one of the most charming of the Atlantic Coast watering-places.

Still a fine, interesting, old-fashioned town, — stores closed twelve to one, — whose men and women, unspoiled by new and false ideas, are even yet of the old school, Boothbay Harbor is the center of a large summer population varying more in character than any other in the State. Here are kings of finance and great scientists, artists, authors, shopgirls and teachers, clergymen and chemists — all bent on getting health and pleasure out of Maine, with “going t’ the Harbor” one of the daily joys.

The shire town of this coast county is quaint and quiet Wiscasset, a dozen miles up the Sheepscot River, noted for its colonial architecture and one of the so-called Marie Antoinette houses on the New England coast, pre-



IN QUIET, QUAIN'T WISCASSET

Kittery to Sail Rock

pared for her coming, but which she never occupied. Just east of here are picturesque Newcastle, one of the most beautiful of the smaller towns of the State, and Damariscotta, not unlike it, and where I have spent many days in the cleanest, best kept, best provided, and smallest hotel to be found in America.

Still proceeding down the coast from Boothbay Harbor, beyond the rocks of Ocean Point, by Thrumcap and through the Thread-of-Life, to Pemaquid, where the early English voyagers exchanged rum for Indians, where some took Indians without so much as suggesting exchange,—Pemaquid with its overweight of a very ancient fort where people now combine history with pleasure.

In any complete book about Maine, be it descriptive, historical, or romantic, Monhegan Island, ten miles straight out to sea from Pemaquid Point light, should have a chapter by itself. A whole book would do no more than justice. Artists have painted the giant cliffs of its eastern shore and its gruesome fogs.

The Latchstring

Writers of fiction have come here for the scene of much fiction, and in some of it, with native regret, I have noted an undue warping of character and a lack of fine appreciation of a really fine people. Unique and picturesque are the physical features of this always far-off island. But they do not constitute the main attraction. The psychology of the island is the real thing about Monhegan. If all people were alike, the world would be a very monotonous and unhappy place of existence. Individuality is the spice of mundane life. Out on Monhegan one can find real biting condiment. The personnel of a colony of a hundred or more interesting, insular people who seldom leave their homes — some have not been on the main in years, some never — is worth the attention of the deepest university philosopher. They have a native pride all their own, are fair and judicial, careful observers of the laws of the State, their own home-made regulations, and the rights of neighbors; friendly, helpful, confirmed in religion and politics, with opin-

Kittery to Sail Rock

ions of their own and ability to back them, intelligent in the worth-while matters of life, if not up-to-date in those of lesser moment. I know of no colony quite like this on the Atlantic Coast. The principal industry just now is the lobster fishery, and they have a local law, a sort of colony agreement, that no catches shall be made within three miles of the island shores, except from January 15 to July 15. They keep it to the letter and profit thereby. Midnight of January 15 is an event in the Monhegan calendar, and on the hour the dories and motor smacks, piled high with traps, put out of the little harbor and the six months' fishing begins. During January and February they find the top of the market in prices, and net profits from \$100 to \$150 a day have been made, but these, of course, are unusual. One fisherman last year cleared \$3000 for his season's work, a tidy little sum on Monhegan, where the Great White Way is short and the lurements for the spendthrift are neither many nor varied.

The Latchstring

The summer visitor is changing the architecture of the island little by little, and some of the habits, customs, and styles that have merely surface expression, but not the stoicism of the natives. In fact, the native stoic is slow to accept the newcomer, and when he does, it is after no superficial overhauling. But when once election takes place, the best is none too good. There is a very pleasant custom of addressing the visitor by his first name when he has finally been accepted, and this even by the younger members of the colony, who have been taught to consider it a mark of respect. Robert Sewall, whose marines have pleased so many an eye,—and none more than those of Monhegan,—told me last fall that one of the proudest moments of his life was when the lightkeeper, who had been calling him “Mister Sewall” for the first weeks of his visit, at last greeted him with “Morning, Robert. A leetle lowery.” Among the summer people there are still “Misters,” who, after several seasons, are still looking for Christian



MONHEGAN'S GREAT INDUSTRY



MONHEGAN'S GREAT WHITE WAY

Kittery to Sail Rock

forgiveness as expressed by the use of the Christian name. But the islander passes no immature judgments, and withal, whatever these are, whether of visitor or permanent neighbor, be they gentle or harsh, there is at the rock-bottom of the Monhegan character a genuine human kindness, a sort of help-your-fellow feeling, be he friend or enemy, that crops out in any time of crisis. Illustrated quite well by the following quite human incident which I give currency from personal knowledge:—

For the purpose of this relation we will call them Eb and Lew. Well, it so fell out that Eb and Lew had not spoken to each other for years, a quarrel, no doubt, over lot-lines, or shore-front rights, or, what is more probable, lobster traps,—nobody knew just what. One fall day a heavy norther came howling down through the harbor and a lot of things afloat, cars, dories, skiffs and larger craft,—those that did not fetch up on the two points,—were blowing out to sea. Eb was down on the

The Latchstring

beach, just lookin', secure in the comforting thought that his little squadron had been hauled out for repairs the day before and was high and dry away from trouble. A glance over the turbulent waters showed him that the new auxiliary sloop of his old enemy Lew, built up Bristol way in the spring, — and a good 'un, — yes, sir, a good 'un, even if Lew did own her, — was laboring.

"Draggin', by gum," says Eb to himself in accumulating agitation. "Ain't half scope enough to her moorin'-rope — the dum fool! When that rock fetches up she's a goner, sure's shootin'."

No forecast ever came more quickly true. She soon stopped dragging, there was one sudden and mighty strain, the mooring-line parted and away went the Winnie and Freddie — built up Bristol way last spring — sideways down the gale.

Enter now, left center, down the shore, Lew in accumulated agitation. Eb thus broke the silence of years: —

Kittery to Sail Rock

“Hi, Lew, up to my fish-house and git that big coil of throat halyards. I’ll git a dory off. We’ll git ’er yet!”

Both were soon in effective action. The big coil produced, the dory tugged down, and off went the ancient enemies on their common errand of salvage, Eb, being a few years older and of wider water experience, taking the laboring oar and general charge of the expedition. The stern of the sloop caught on a rock near the western entrance of the harbor. She turned end for end, cleared, and was again sidling down the increasing wind and out to sea. But it gave them time. Eb’s stroke was not of the Charles Courtney sweep, but it arrived in power and speed and soon landed Lew on the bows of his sloop.

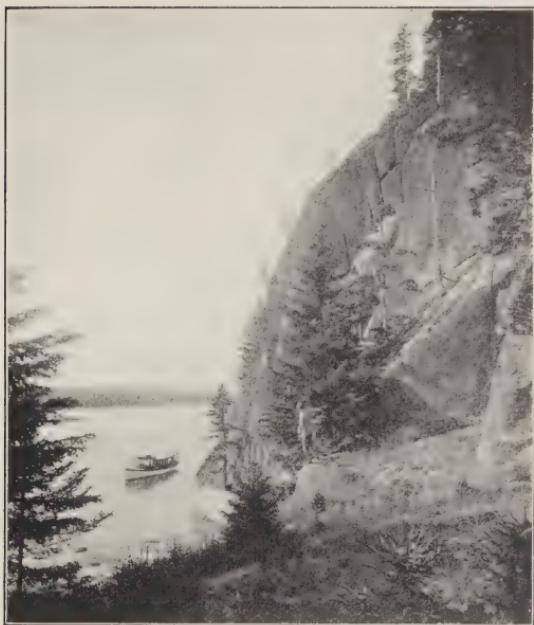
“Crank ’er,” he shouted, “crank ’er—quick.”

“Ain’t no gas,” answered Lew, “an’ she won’t spark.”

“Take a hitch around the mast and git back here. Quick.”

The Latchstring

It was beyond human effort to tow her in all that wind, but by dint of Eb's hard pulling they finally got her headed about toward the big island shore at a distance they thought the line would cover, and then rowed in, paying out the big coil. At last, both breathing hard and almost exhausted, they landed in the seaweed with just enough of the throat halyards left to take a turn around a sharp rock. A dozen or more of the neighbors who had come down to watch proceedings, cheer on the men, and give advice, now lent a hand, and the Winnie and Freddie — built up Bristol way last spring — was soon warped in under the lee to safety. She had been caught just in time, and but for the superhuman efforts of his old enemy, Lew's big, new auxiliary would have gone to sea and the bottom. Nine hundred and seventy-five dollars — without the engine — saved — and Eb thar done it. And at a cost of great energy and marine skill, a broken oar and two thole-pins, a smashed gunwale, a sprained wrist, and no pride at all.



COAST-LINE CONTRASTS

Kittery to Sail Rock

The neighbors glanced at the two men sitting on near-by rocks panting and spent, cast knowing looks among themselves, and then one after another walked quietly and stiffly up the hill. Silence is best in the presence of true heroism.

With elbows on his knees, his head bowed down between his hands, Lew looked up and over at Eb. Just looked. That was all. Eb arose in the halo of an ultimatum.

“Dum it, Lew, give ’er more scope next time. Born right ’ere on this island and don’t know more’n that.”

And passed on, limping up the slimy rocks. The old relations were at once resumed and they have n’t spoken since.

Have the boy call you at White Head if you happen to be making for eastern Maine in the comfortable Boston boat. An early morning glimpse of Penobscot Bay and all the varied picturesqueness up by Rockland Breakwater, with its monster modern hotel and well-

The Latchstring

groomed grounds, Camden, Belfast, and up the river to Bucksport and Bangor will repay the laziest sleeper. You will certainly be fully awake and alive when you reach Bangor, for it is quite the liveliest and most cosmopolitan city in eastern America, and always interesting whatever the season. Here you will find the red-shirted lumberman and his employer, who knows his Ibsen and his Strand, playing pitch or pinochle in a spirit of equality and friendly competition, and you feel that the brotherhood of man is real and not a dream of the idealist.

Once we sailed wing and wing up Penobscot Bay in a big schooner yacht before a gentle southerly, and played bridge out on deck all the way to anchorage in Camden Harbor. Quite the acme of outdoor delight and the rare combination of beautiful scenery and fickle chance. We even forgot luncheon and luncheon's preliminaries.

Beginning at Rockland and Camden, we come fairly upon the scenery of sea and

Kittery to Sail Rock

mountain combined, with always here and there a wooded island in the vision, and now and then one of Maine's many lakes. These shores of Penobscot Bay are a revelation to the lover of natural phenomena. A friend of mine who made the trip by automobile in a day last summer, from Falmouth Foreside on Casco Bay down through Lincoln and Knox Counties, along that wonderful road from Camden to Belfast, through Searsport, across the Penobscot at Bucksport, and on to Bar Harbor, told me on his return that he had never taken a day's ride in his life more remarkable for the wealth and variety of scenic beauty.

“And this, mind you,” he said by way of emphasis, “after motoring all last winter in Southern France and along the Mediterranean shores.”

Meantime, coming in from the sea and up the bays, “The mountains lift their green heads to the skies,” and viewed from any point of the compass, the scenery never lacks variety or stimulation.

The Latchstring

Way up in the northwest corner of the big bay, a few miles west of the mouth of the Penobscot River, and at the head of a little bay of its own, sleeps Belfast, a city with a busy shipbuilding past, a quiet, restful present, and a future full of summer hope and Maine-grown tobacco. I was walking one soft summer's day up one of her quietest streets with a former United States Senator from the West, when, all unsuspected, we came head on to a former Senator from the Far South whom we both knew, but had not seen in years.

"Well, you old rascal! And how came you here? Who'd have thought it? Way up in this corner! A far cry, Florida to Maine! By George, I'm glad to see you." And a hearty handshake, and a slap on the back, and more "By Georges" — all quite in the Albert J. Beveridge spirit of cordiality and youthful enthusiasm.

"Well, well, I'm glad to see you all. If I might quote our distinguished friend, delighted, bully! Come now, right about, to lunch."



A SOUTHERN SENATOR'S NORTHERN HOME

Kittery to Sail Rock

And Senator Taliaferro led us down to the handsomest and most charming summer home in all New England, a rich seafarer's house of the last century, groomed neither too much nor too little, with all the fine old lines maintained, and landscaped according to the ideas of a Southern gentleman who has respect for dignified outdoor beauty and a Northern past. Never a pleasanter hour in Maine than this, with comfort and pleasure and all that is gentle and true in hospitality administered by a Southern *ménage*, moved North *en masse*, every year for five months of real living.

Across the bay and southeast by Castine, also heavy with history and named for that romantic baron from the Pyrenees who here married the daughter of Madockawando, sachem of the Tarratines, you pass down through the reaches and thoroughfares,— a sail fit for a king. And then on to Mount Desert Island and Frenchman's Bay, the summer home of many of the brave and the fair, where Art dares play with Nature and "groomed sur-

The Latchstring

roundings everywhere please the eye," noted the world over and called by many an experienced traveler the finest, most picturesque, and most exclusive summer resort in the world.

I have tried — feebly enough — to tell you something of the air. I find in one of Mr. Henry van Dyke's delightful vacation volumes, this description of the life there:—

"There were the mountains conveniently arranged, with pleasant trails running up all of them, carefully marked with rustic but legible guide-posts; and there was the sea comfortably besprinkled with islands, among which one might sail around and about, day after day, not to go anywhere, but just to enjoy the motion and the views; and there were cod and haddock swimming over the outer ledges in deep water, waiting to be fed with clams at any time, and on fortunate days ridiculously accommodating in letting themselves be pulled up at the end of a long, thick string with a pound of lead and two hooks tied to it. There were plenty of places considered proper for



BAR HARBOR, WHERE ART DARES PLAY WITH NATURE

Kittery to Sail Rock

picnics, like Jordan's Pond, and Great Cranberry Island, and the Russian Tea-House, and the Log Cabin Tea-House, where you would be sure to meet other people who also were bent on picnicking; and there were hotels and summer cottages, of various degrees of elaboration, filled with agreeable and talkable folk, most of whom were connected by occupation or marriage with the rival colleges and universities, so that their ambitions for the simple life had an academic thoroughness and regularity. There were dinner parties, and tea parties, and garden parties, and sea parties, and luncheon parties, masculine and feminine, and a horse-show at Bar Harbor, and a gymkhana at North East, and dances at all the Harbors, where Minerva met Terpsichore on a friendly footing while Socrates sat out on the veranda with Midas discussing the great automobile question over their cigars."

Poor man! How he must miss his Maine this summer, pegging away there in war-stricken Europe! And why have not the war lords taken

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more to heart his charming outdoor books and
ere this softened to peace?

And, more recently from Mr. Gouverneur
Morris:—

“Almost every step toward the summit of Newport is worthy of a pause. From no other mountain in this world, I think, is so beautiful a view of ocean and bays, of wooded islands and ships, and of other mountains so swiftly and gloriously expanded. You should pick champagne weather for the climb, and it should not be any steadfast business with the nose held to the path, but a long, delicious, upward loitering. There should be childish feasts upon blueberries, long silent sittings, ended on the man’s part by a sudden spring to his feet and a confident stretching out to the girl of his two hands. I wonder how many girls’ minds have been made up for them by a Bar Harbor mountain. Was it his first visit to Bar Harbor? Had he ever breathed such air? Was there any other place where the mountains came straight up out of the ocean, where, in short,



SAIL ROCK, TIP END OF THE UNITED STATES

Kittery to Sail Rock

mountain air and ocean air are combined? In that climate real weariness is impossible. The heart may bump and the lungs pump, but a few moments' rest and the short way home is the one thing you want to avoid."

These descriptions are so much better. All you have to do is to get real writers to Maine. They will do the rest.

Now, out to the eastward again and down the jagged coast of Washington County, "the southeast corner of the State of Maine, a happy remnant of the ancient wilderness." Not forgetting Cutler, of course, where Rufey and his father sailed out of the harbor, across two pages of the Coast Pilot and were lost in the fog, but not to story and tradition. On and on to Lubec and Eastport — and then that little bit, hardly big enough for a seal or a gull, Sail Rock, the tip end of the United States of America.

Surely, a remarkable coast. No country has its superior, no State its equal. I have not described it. Merely started you along the path.

V

THE GAME-FISH PEERAGE

SOMEWHERE in the making of many fishing books, of which there is no end, some one who knows has said that the trout aristocracy is to be found in the clear, cool waters of Maine, particularly of northern Maine. Precisely the same may be said of the salmon aristocrat and the black bass aristocrat. These three are the true game fish of the great Northeast. Some sportsmen specialize on one, many become expert in fishing for two, some enjoy casting and trolling for all three, though I have observed as an amateur that the trout and salmon fishermen do not take kindly to bass, while the bass fisherman, as a rule, holds to his own.

I presume the top-notcher of the finny nobility, in the opinion of all who make angling both a recreation and an aim in life, is the sea salmon — *Salmo salar*, to give the scientific

The Game-Fish Peerage

name, since we are speaking of real blue blood. A lordly fish is this, both for game and for food, found in Europe only in waters north of Spain and in Atlantic America in waters north of the forty-first parallel, now almost entirely in Maine and the Maritime Provinces. The far-famed Oregon salmon is of the same immediate family, but darker in hue, and, my friend the globe-trotting epicure tells me, less delicate in flavor. The salmon waters there can certainly be neither clearer nor colder. The man or woman who has hooked and landed one of these, especially in swift water, has not lived in vain. This is not speculation. It is testimony. Have you never heard one of those stories? As for food, its delicate pink flesh, with the first green peas, graces every Fourth of July table in Maine as the *pièce de résistance*, not only of the dinner, but of the season. It is an inglorious Fourth, indeed, when there is no salmon. Without it the holiday would be as colorless and void as a New England Thanksgiving without a native turkey.

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The best sea-salmon fishing across the Canadian line is to be found largely in sections of rivers and streams privately controlled by clubs and individuals. The waters of Maine are free to all comers, and the most famous sea-salmon pools in the East are those at Bangor on the Penobscot and at Calais on the St. Croix River, where in April every year there congregate the most skillful and persistent of amateur and professional anglers to try their luck with the gamiest of all game fish in their spring migration from the sea. The first Penobscot salmon taken at the Bangor pool each year marks an event in the Maine calendar. Sometimes it goes to the White House, sometimes to the market. If the latter, it usually brings a dollar and a half a pound. The accessibility and other conveniences of these two pools, for the big city man who wishes to get away for a few days of early fishing, are not the least of their attractions. They are said to be the best free sea-salmon waters within easy distance from the great centers.

The Game-Fish Peerage

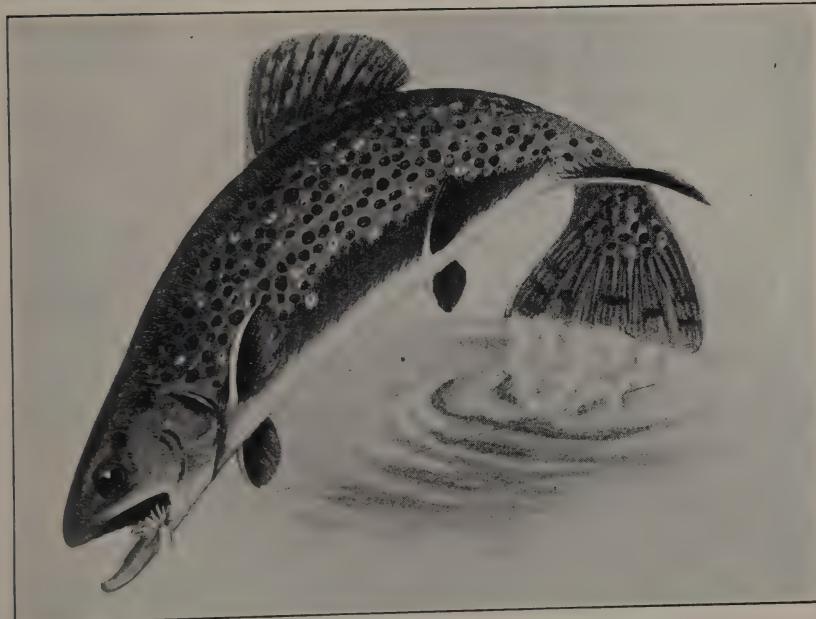
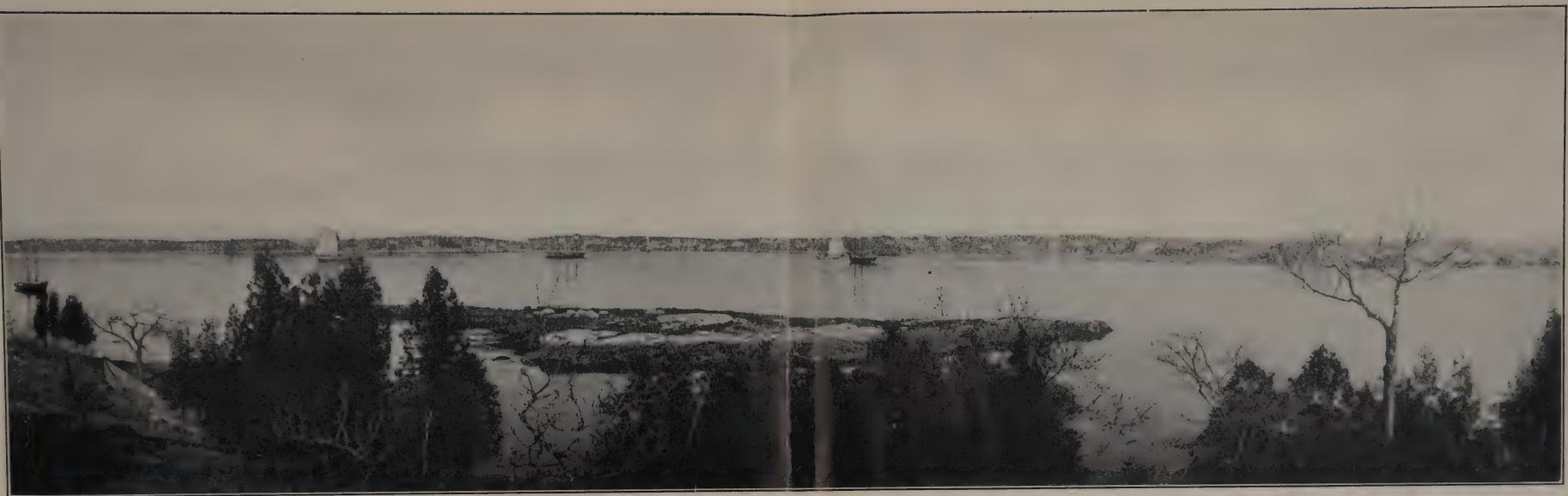
Time was when these salt-water royalties were taken in large numbers all along the Kennebec, but either on account of the sawdust or other waste matter from the mills, or because of some mysterious whim of a fish whose idiosyncrasies the scientist has not yet completely learned, they no longer frequent these waters. This is one of the piscatorial mysteries because the conditions of the Kennebec waters are not unlike those of the Penobscot and St. Croix. History relates that the founder of Gardiner, for whom the city was named, located his colonial estate at the junction of the Kennebec and the Cobbosseecontee stream because the salmon spearing was so good there. This grand mansion, built in 1754, still stands on the west bank of the river. The whole place is maintained by the descendants in a manner befitting its history and dignity, and the estate is not only the oldest of its kind, but one of the most beautiful in Maine. Among the old municipal records is an original contract with the laborers in which they covenant

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to work for the owner and his interests, provided they are not compelled to have salmon more than twice a day. Apparently the market quotation in those days did not reach the three figures of these.

Illustrating the persistency and other forces of habit in the gastronomical departments of large cities, you will note even to-day in the fish courses of the great restaurants of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, — even of Boston, — these two words, cryptic to the man from Maine: "Kennebec Salmon." I do not wish to destroy the illusion of any metropolitan steward who daily makes up this interesting literature, but true chronicle compels the statement that salmon have not been taken from the Kennebec in many years, certainly not in anything approaching market quantities.

Anent the mysteries of sea salmon I remember one exciting May morning about twenty years ago on Damariscove Island. The little fishing colony there numbers two or three men and has not grown in two decades. It was the



MAINE TROUT

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, REFUGE FROM EVERY STORM



THE FIGHTING LAND-LOCKED SALMON

The Game-Fish Peerage

custom then, as now, to set nets at the southern end of the island for deep-sea fish for the summer people, but never earlier than the first of July. This particular year, for some reason, a big net was put out one day early in May. Next morning, much to the surprise and profit of the fishermen, some forty handsome salmon, weighing from ten to thirty-five pounds, were taken. This end of Damariscove points out into the ocean midway between the Sheepscot and Damariscotta Rivers, while the entrance to the Kennebec is less than seven miles away. It is easy to understand that the fish were on their spring way up these rivers, but why they have never been taken there since, in numbers, although many early nets have many times been put out, remains one of the deep mysteries of the deep-sea salmon.

But fishing in Maine, in the popular acceptance of the sport, is pursued in inland waters and very largely for trout and land-locked salmon. More sportsmen come here for these than for any other fish, both for casting and for

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trolling. Maine trout are of the true variety, the handsome speckled brook trout, which pass down from the brooks and small streams into the ponds and lakes as they grow in size, the real peers of the family, the most popular and most sought game fish in all the world. The land-locked salmon — distinguished by their Latin name *Salmo sebago* — are first cousins to the sea salmon, and both because the cool waters of the Maine lakes seem to be their natural home and because in the last few years propagation has been general all over the State, sportsmen who have made a study of the geography of game fish now assert — and the assertion stands undisputed — that in no other waters of the world are these fish found in such large quantities and size. These two — the first-family trout and the agile, crafty, leaping, ever-fighting, land-locked salmon — these two constitute the inland fishing glory of the best fishing State in the Union. They abound in hundreds — thousands — of streams and lakes all over Maine, and the true angler —

The Game-Fish Peerage

he who has earned what Mr. Henry P. Wells calls the title of nobility — comes here for this king of sports. And in the far north, still within the confines of the State, there are scores of small lakes and brooks that have never yet been whipped, or even explored, — virgin waters in virgin forests.

There are five great geographical divisions of the sport: The Sebago Lake region, which includes all the waters of western Maine, with the big lake as the center of operations, radiating into York County on one side, Androscoggin on the other, and north to historic and charming Fryeburg, through Oxford to Upper Kezar Pond and the cold streams that play in and out of New Hampshire and feed both the Saco and Androscoggin. The wonderful chain of Rangeleys, and embracing on the north Kennebago, Parmachene, the Chain Lakes, and many ponds. The Belgrade Lake region, the home of the black bass, taking in, on the south, Cobbosseecontee, the Winthrop ponds, and all the central Maine watershed of the

The Latchstring

Kennebec River. The wild, primeval, expansive Moosehead division, covering all the great game-fish waters of Northern Somerset, Piscataquis, and Penobscot Counties, and all of Aroostook. And then the Grand Lakes of Washington County, bordering the New Brunswick line, where sports the battling ouananiche of the land-locked salmon tribe, respected, and highly valued, and much sought, by sportsman and epicure for remarkable qualities both of game and food.

A wide expanse of fishing territory this! And all, by reason of a progressive and admirably operated transportation system, which makes a specialty of looking after its fish and game patrons, quickly, easily, and most comfortably reached. You can arrive at much of it — in fact by far the larger part — in a sleeper or chair car, in a night's or a day's ride from Boston, the rarest combination of genuine sport and accessibility to be found in the country. Yes, superlatives again. And why not?



Photograph by the Kalkhoff Company

BASS-FISHING AT BELGRADE

The Game-Fish Peerage

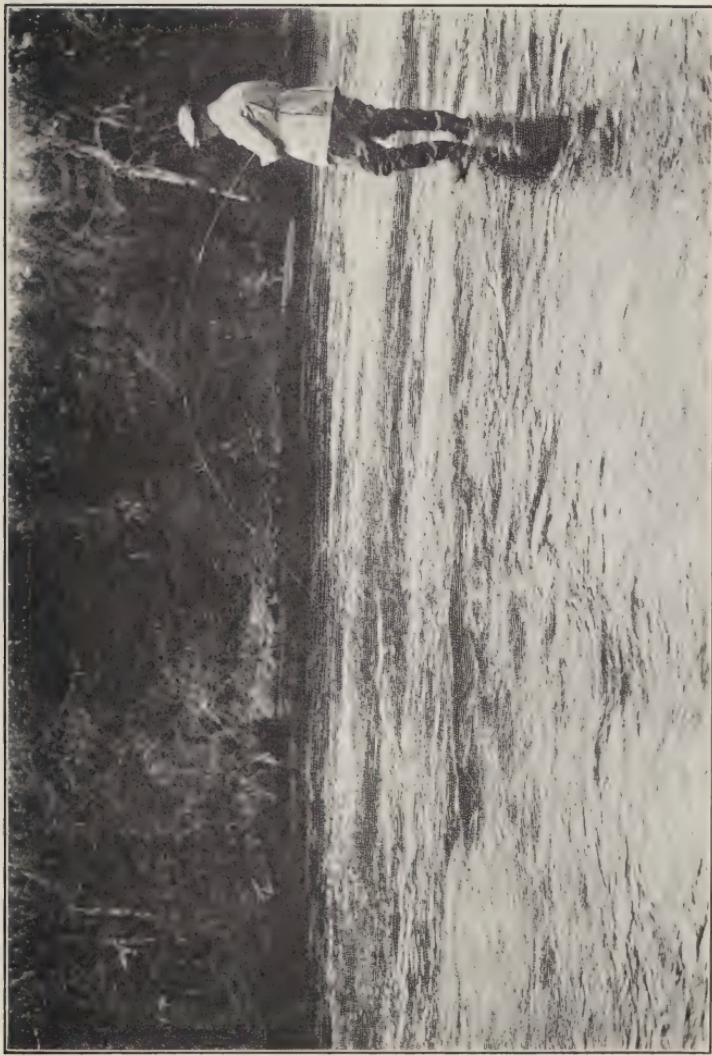
Your scientist, the veteran who begins in January to look over his rods, his book of flies and left-over leaders, — and what better sport in January, — will tell you, with no little show of ceremony, that he never wets a line until the fish begin to rise; that the only real fishing is fly fishing; that no gentleman will kill a trout or salmon by any other method. And so forth, through a long category of anathema for the simple hook-and-line man, and ever with a smug air of superiority and condescension. Your troller, the man who finds pleasure in this kind of fishing when casting is out of the question, will extol the beauties of both and wax convincing.

But as for me, kind sir, given a trusty bamboo of medium weight, a bait-box of worms from behind the barn, a small creel, a large lunch, the favorite brier and special mixture, a book in the pocket for an hour of nicotine and mental cultivation, a half-dozen miles of musical brook, and the day before me — well, and indeed, moreover, albeit, whereas, and by

The Latchstring

George—what more? A day that scores in the long calendar of diversified human interests! You have settled some problem for yourself. What is better, for some one else. You can always do that. If possessed of a smattering of botany, you have had wild flowers at first hand all day. If a student of birds, they have been with you all the time, Wilson's warbler to the hermit thrush, singing, and repeating for the minutest analysis. These by way of avocation. Nature in all her moods has been yours, with always the quest of the many spotted trout as the main objective; always the gamble—so much a human instinct—as to whether he is in this pool or that, in this bit of rapids or under the rock below, and if anywhere, what size. And then, as the sun tips the hills, back to the farm, with a wealth of that happy, contented, outdoor tired feeling, to a good supper and an opportunity to tell of the day. Indeed, again, and what more?

Well, possibly this, if you would paint the



"AS FOR ME, KIND SIR, A MUSICAL BROOK"

The Game-Fish Peerage

lily — and sometimes one can: I would also have awaiting me at the day's end three auction-bridge players ready to shuffle, cut, deal, bid, and play immediately after the coffee and during the pipe. At supper you have exhausted your day's wandering. At least three times with variations have you told how you got the big one just above the footbridge under the overhanging roots of the big yellow birch, how you lost another one — and bigger, too — much bigger — down by the black boulder. And alas, so have the other fellows. There remains the lamplight period between seven and eleven, full of interesting possibilities. Once we had this conjunction of all the delights — it is sure to happen once in life — up at Charles Chandler's, on Cold River, under the brow of old Baldface. "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." With the purist's pardon, Sarah Battle had nothing on us.

It was at the end of a good day on the stream and soon after "setting in" we ran into a card

The Latchstring

situation that marks an epoch in auction developments. If I may be permitted to digress: My opponent on the right dealt and bid no trumps. My holdings consisted of seven clubs headed by the ten, three small spades, two small diamonds, and the deuce of hearts — a hand as dead as an Egyptian mummy. So I passed. Likewise my opponent on the left, and my partner. It was game all, and the other side had an advanced score of twenty. Rubber, of course. I led my fourth-best club. Dummy exposed the queen and nine, the nine being played. My partner covered with the knave and the dealer, fourth hand, took the trick with the ace, still holding the king. His long suit was seven hearts headed by the knave, ten. The ace, queen, and a small one showed in dummy. The king was against him, but having control of every other suit, he could well afford to take the finesse, which he did. My partner took with the king. Then, — an accident that often happens in the best of bridge families, — fully intending to lead my suit,

The Game-Fish Peerage

he pulled the wrong card and led his one remaining heart, the nine. The dealer, thinking that a club had been returned to me, played his king of that suit in a fit of complete absent-mindedness. I followed with a small spade, and then the most unheard-of thing happened. The dealer, in continuing abstraction and still thinking that clubs were called, reached for and played from dummy the queen. My partner's nine of hearts had taken the trick. It was turned and quitted. He now led his small club, and the suit in this strange manner having been cleared I took with the ten, ran off six tricks in that suit, set our opponents a hundred, and saved the rubber. But ere this the dealer had come back to his senses, and endless discussion began. It is still going on. Both he and his dummy had revoked on the heart led of my partner. But one of the unalterable rules of the game is that dummy cannot revoke. Meanwhile, had either my partner or I called attention to this, it would also have exposed the revoke of the dealer, which he

The Latchstring

could then correct in time, but which we were perfectly justified in claiming. After an hour of fruitless but friendly argument, carried over into the preparations for the next day's fishing, we finally threw out the hand for some less prejudiced and more authentic settlement. Hereby respectfully referred to Mr. Work and Mr. Denison.

At least two hundred hopeful fishermen are in camps, farmhouses, and small hotels on the north and west shores of Sebago Lake on the morning of April 1, waiting for sunrise. The law is off and the ice is out. These are the outriders and advance guard of an army of welcome invaders all over the State who sound no retreat until the law goes on in September, when lines are reeled in and the fishing season hibernates in pleasant memory until spring. Very few of the early fish are taken with a fly, and the sport at Sebago is almost entirely bait-fishing. Here the troller has his day and is inclined to lord it over the man who only casts. For, says he, he must not only possess

The Game-Fish Peerage

all of the fly fisherman's knowledge, but more. Will they be taking live bait, or will a phantom do? A silver soldier or a blue-back? A single hook or an archer with many hooks? There are a dozen or more artificial lures, and he has to apply book learning and experience to his selection. Where are the smelts running to-day, where to-morrow? Shall we try the mouth of the Songo or over toward Jordan's Bay? These and many more questions must he decide, meanwhile cultivating neck and neck with his skill the fisherman's great essential — patience.

The salmon at Sebago are now becoming the record fish of Maine waters. Catches, though not many, are made each spring weighing from ten to eighteen pounds. Mr. Charles K. Bispham, of Philadelphia, a skillful and persistent angler, who for fifteen years has made a study of Maine game fish and will fish nowhere else, tells me that he has seen on the spawning beds Sebago salmon weighing thirty pounds and more.

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Up in the great Rangeley region, more than fifteen hundred feet above the sea level, you will not only strike the largest square-tailed, red-spotted trout in the world, but you will run into waters where game-fish history in Maine really begins. For more than a generation men and women have fished these lakes for sport. The older natives can hardly remember when "some one from away" was not fishing in spring and summer at the Middle and Upper Dams.

And Captain Fred Barker, who as a boy did chores and in a small way guiding around the lakes, and who grew up with the fishing country, is historic in himself. Now he is a great landlord and transportation magnate. And an author. Rangeley would not be Rangeley without him. And Elliott Russell, too, one of our old guides of the olden days, I wonder where he has taken his interesting and picturesque personality, and his Kossuth hat and his home-made knickerbockers. Seems to me some one told me he had listened to the siren voice of the Great

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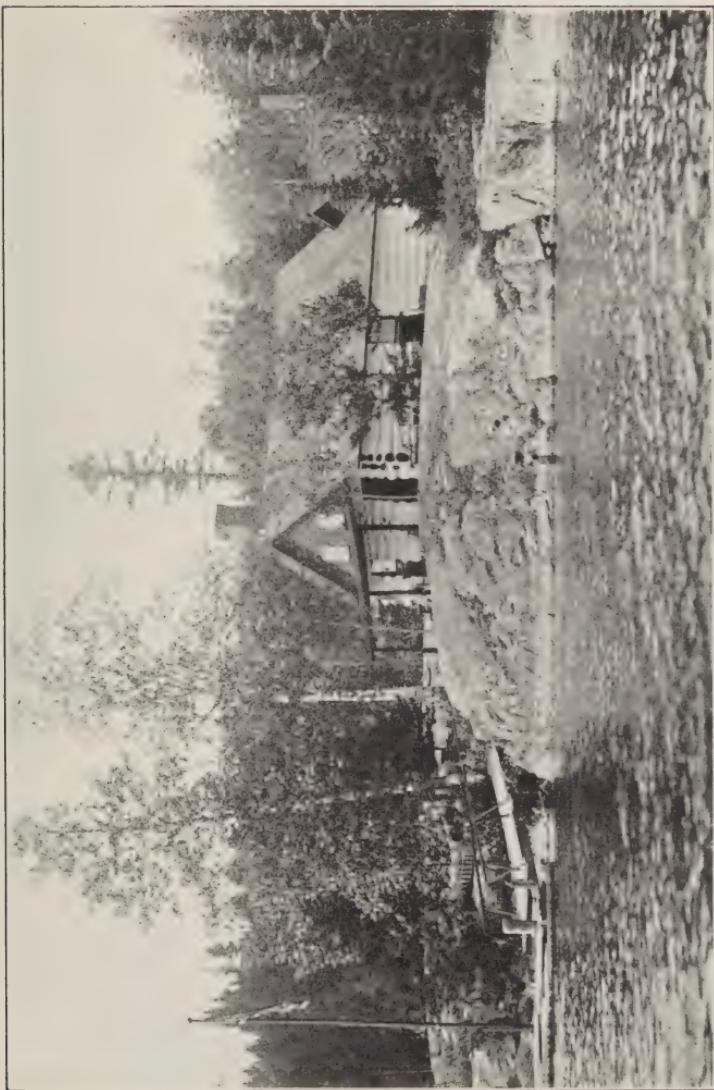
West and been lured beyond the Hudson. Wherever he is, whatever doing, there's a man. Here's to him! And Percy Ripley, big-boned, big-muscled, the most powerful and enduring human I ever saw, who could tramp the woods all day and all night, half the time carrying a canoe and part of the luggage. Some one has put him on canvas in oils, standing erect, alive and strong, on a big rock with a big kit on his back. It's a classic. And Jim and Archie—ah, but these pages are too short. Big citizens, characters, personages, these and their like. Guides can make or break the holiday of a whole party. The breakers have gone pretty much on the rocks. Elimination has left a hardy race of real men. So long, and good luck to those companions of the woods and lakes and streams who have shared our beds and board, and tobacco, and have made livable, useful, and bright many days in the wilderness. Live they long and prosper!

Way back in 1868 the Oquossoc Angling Association, among the first and most notable

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of the fishing clubs of the country, was formed and located at Indian Rock on the north shore of Mooselookmeguntic. George Shepherd Page, of New Jersey, was its first President, and Louis B. Reed, of New York, its first Vice President. The late Senator William P. Frye, who loved the sport of fly fishing and for more than half a century made it his one recreation, — always at Rangeley, — was one of the charter members. His log camp stands on a huge rock directly across from the Oquossoc Club on the Cupsuptic Straits, and although one of the oldest on the lakes is still a model of modern convenience and comfort and an excellent example of a fisherman's paradise in the Maine woods.

Mr. Frye would leave any debate in the Senate or any committee hearing for an opportunity to tell of his capture of that ten-and-a-half-pound square-tail which stood as the record for many years, not only for the Rangeleys, but for the State. How many a time have I heard him tell it to interested audiences



FRYE LODGE AT RANGELEY

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of senators, cabinet ministers, and other statesmen — and always with fine, eloquent description, worthy of his best campaigning days — and there were none better. How, standing early one morning on the boat landing in front of his camp, he spied the big fellow sunning himself just under the big rock which you will note in the picture; how, deciding that his tackle was not strong enough for this whale of a trout, he sent his guide nine miles away to Rangeley town for a special rigging; how, after waiting all day — for the trout did not move ten feet away — and watching, and selecting the psychological moment, he cast and hooked him just before sundown; and then straight out into the lake to give him play; how, after an hour's hard battle, taxing an active senatorial mentality and the angler's limitless skill, he finally landed him in the twilight, put him in a tank at the camp, and sent him alive to Washington to prove to the Government of the United States that the biggest and liveliest and otherwise best trout in the world were to

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be found in the Rangeley Lakes. A famous tale, and best of all so true. There were the guide, the scales, and the Government of the United States to prove it.

Perhaps the most noted trout pool in the east is to be found at the Upper Dam, and thus Dr. van Dyke described it sixteen years ago:—

“The Upper Dam at Rangeley is the place, of all others in the world, where the lunacy of angling may be seen in its incurable stage. There is a cozy little inn, called a camp, at the foot of a big lake. In front of the inn is a huge dam of gray stone, over which the river plunges into a great oval pool, where the trout assemble in the early fall to perpetuate their race. From the tenth of September to the thirtieth, there is not an hour of the day or night when there are no boats floating on that pool, and no anglers trailing the fly across its waters. Before the late fishermen are ready to come in at midnight, the early fishermen may be seen creeping down to the shore with lanterns in

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order to begin before cock-crow. The number of fish taken is not large,— perhaps five or six for the whole company on an average day,— but the size is sometimes enormous,— nothing under three pounds is counted,— and they pervade thought and conversation at the Upper Dam to the exclusion of every other subject. There is no driving, no dancing, no golf, no tennis. There is nothing to do but fish or die."

Both before and since then there has been great drain on all these waters, the summer home of many hundreds of veteran experts, but apparently without the slightest diminution.

Dr. Henshall, in his interesting contribution to fishing literature, "Book of the Black Bass," calls the small-mouthed black bass, "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamiest fish that swims." And if this is your game, the Belgrade Lakes, Cobbosseecontee, Maranacook, and other waters of Kennebec County are your destination. Square-tailed trout are

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also found here in fair numbers and size, and big pickerel and perch, but the region is best known as the home of the black bass. The remarkable accessibility of these waters, with such places as Augusta, Waterville, and Winthrop, with modern and comfortable hotels, as centers of radiation by trolley and motor car, places them among the most popular and frequented big ponds of the State.

And now up the old Somerset to magnificent Moosehead, and the more remote and wilder lakes of northern Maine, Attean, Chesuncook, Chamberlain, Millinocket, and hundreds more smaller in size and larger in name. So many apparently that civilized and Christian names gave out. One, way up in the far north, labors under eighteen letters—Chemquasabamticook. And sometime my curiosity will take me up to Stink Pond to see if it is really so.

Moosehead is the king and queen, the prince and princess, of New England's inland seas. It is Maine's great big scenic pride. It seems to have been a revelation to no less an observer



Photograph by the Kalkhoff Company

ECHO BAY AND LITTLE KINEO, MOOSEHEAD LAKE

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and traveler than James Russell Lowell, for in 1853 he came, saw, was conquered, and wrote:

“On all sides rose deep-blue mountains, of remarkably graceful outline, and more fortunate than common in their names. There were Big and Little Squaw, the Spencer and Lily Bay mountains. It was debated whether we saw Katahdin or not (perhaps more useful as an intellectual exercise than the assured vision would have been), and presently Mount Kineo rose abruptly before us, in a shape not unlike the island of Capri. . . . We pushed on. Little islands loomed trembling between sky and water, like hanging gardens. Gradually the filmy trees defined themselves, the aerial enchantment lost its potency, and we came up with common prose islands that had so late been magical and poetic. The old story of the attained and unattained. . . . The sun sank behind its horizon of pines whose pointed summits notched the rosy west in an endless black sierra. At the same moment the golden moon swung slowly up the east, like the scale

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of that Homeric balance in which Zeus weighed the deeds of men. Sunset and moonrise at once. Adam had no more in Eden — except the head of Eve upon his shoulder."

But who knows? There are doubtless modern Moosehead Eves, and many a Huldy, and no better setting for a romance.

“”T was kin’ o’ kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blusheen’ to a brook
Ain’t modester nor sweeter.”

It was here, too, that Lowell found inspiration for his "To a Pine Tree" — indeed, the tree itself, for:—

“Far up on Katahdin thou towerest
Purple-blue with the distance and vast.”

Entering this great lake wilderness by either of the main highways, through Greenville at the foot of the lake, or Kineo Station midway its length, and uninformed about its true grandeur, a man’s first thoughts are far from fish and game. The prospect all about is wild, magnificent. There is everything new,—

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sometimes it is weird, always awesome, to catch and hold the unaccustomed eye; the dark waters of a picturesque inland sea bordered by endless, trackless forests whose big evergreens edge the shores and cast far out their mysterious shadows; infrequent clearings, green, or brown, or white, according to the season, to give the necessary relief and no more; and then all about, near and far, one above the other, the mountains, and one, Kineo, of course, raising its flinty, hornstone head seven hundred and sixty feet right out of the center of the lake. Reading this morning from the anonymous English gentleman who lives in "The House of Quiet," I find that it is tranquillizing to the dweller in a hilly land to cool and sober the eye occasionally with the pure breadths of a level plain. So, too, does the eye of a dweller on the plains, and especially the monotonous brick prairie of a large city, find rest and sobering coolness in a mountain prospect, and through this there come new health and stimulation to the fagged brain.

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If you happen to be coming in by the Kineo Short Line, you leave the Belgrade Lake region at Oakland and pass up through Norridgewock, almost directly over the Sophie May home-stead, through busy paper-making Madison, the Ansons, Bingham, a popular trout-fishing center, by Mike Marr's, and along the Upper Kennebec, where the river winds in and out among the hills and the real scenery of north-ern Maine begins. You are put down at a small clearing on the shores of the lake at its nar-rowest part, about equal distance from either end and directly opposite Mount Kineo, the ancient landmark of the greatest fishing and hunting wilderness in eastern America. This in a night and less than half a day from Broad-way and less than a day from Beacon Hill. And if, as you alight, Moosehead happens to be in angry mood, as the photographer has caught it, you have one of the grandest, most superb views to be found in any fresh-water country. I landed here one early fall after-noon with an erudite gentleman from Wash-

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ington who had never before been in Maine. As we left the train for the boat, he turned to me sharply and said:—

“And all these years I have known you, and you never told me about this! What are you Maine people, selfish? You can’t keep that mountain and that lake under a bushel. Strikes me all in a heap.”

Next morning to the summit of Kineo and then a week of swift-water fly fishing in Moose River and the West Outlet. Now he’s an annual.

Kineo is Abnaki for high bluff, and years ago it was a resort for Indians of many tribes who came here, even from far-off Old Town, for the hard rock to make into spears, arrow-heads, and other implements less warlike and more domestic. The view from the top of the mountain is regarded, by seekers for scenic wonders, as the most magnificent in New England, grander even than that from Mount Washington, because the waters of the lake, stretching out in great arms in almost every

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direction, add variety not found in unmixed mountain scenery.

Extending south into the lake, from the base of this monster rock, is a rather broad tract of groomed land on the point of which is located the modern marvel of northern Maine, and the wonder of landlords, the largest, best-appointed, and most luxurious inland-water hotel to be found on the continent, as complete in its necessary and comfortable interior details as Chicago's Blackstone, and with all the outdoor accessories that go with the present-day country club. There are a golf course up and down the side of the mountain to test all the resources of a Ouimet or a Vardon; tennis courts worthy of the skill of a McLaughlin or a Brooks; a yacht club, alive, up-to-date, and well appointed; rifle ranges, riding trails,— everything that makes for outdoor recreation; and always big and little game and big and little game fish within easy distance; and no doubt electric curling-irons and house detectives, which Thoreau failed to find,



MOOSEHEAD IN ANGRY MOOD

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and which, with other luxuries and pleasing frills, would surely open the eyes of Orren Darren, the first Kineo landlord of many, many years ago. In the very center of a lake and forest wilderness, otherwise untouched by the hand of man, and, strange as it may seem, quite unaltered in its wild and primeval aspects by this great public estate!

If you were to go around the corner from Louis Martin's and tumble into a trout brook bordered by alders, small birches, skunk cabbage, and all, and tumble out again to the sad music of a genuine whip-poor-will, you would not run into a greater contrast. It is something to experience, remember, and tell about — to lie in the luxury of an electric-lighted, hair-mattressed, soft-sheeted, and otherwise modern bed, after calling for the stock reports and dismissing the valet, and listen to a real moose call. It is also something to sleep wet and bedraggled on a rainy night under a birch canoe and know that to-morrow you can have a Turkish bath and cultivated mushrooms.

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You step out of the peacock alley of a beginning-of-the-century hotel, where you have just enjoyed the tremendous importance of being paged, into the hands of a red-shirted Indian guide, indigenous to the soil, a real not a stage character, and the transition is easy and natural, the contrast altogether pleasing and satisfactory. Now a skunk-cabbaged trout brook would not suit the general scheme of Times Square at all. But somehow this metropolitanly appointed hotel seems to fit the Moosehead scenery quite after the manner of my lady's glove.

Ah, but we had a-fishing gone! Well, they are here, in numbers and of size, square-tailed trout, somewhat smaller than those of the warmer waters of the Rangeleys, land-locked salmon, and big togue, the last named underrated by many fishermen, but with enough sporting proclivities to give zest to any day on the lake. There is no better fishing sport in the world than casting a fly in the swift waters of the rivers and streams that run in

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and out of this great lake. A paddle and pole up Moose River to Brassua and back, for instance, and you have put a bright-red mark in your calendar of days of outdoor joy.

The Northeast and Northwest Carries, way up at the end of Moosehead, while you might think them the omega of Maine's angling pleasures, are really but the portals of more extensive and more wonderful wilds. From the Northeast you reach the West and East Branches of the Penobscot and the far-famed Allegash, while the Northwest is the real starting-point for the St. John River and the Canada line. One remarkable thing about all this region is that it is so vast that its rough and primitive character is quite unchanged by increasing travel and a multiplicity of public and private resorts. And in this connection, please bear in mind that over in Aroostook County alone there are fifteen thousand square miles of good fishing territory, an area greater than the entire State of Massachusetts, or, as the guide-book tells us, equal to

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the Bay State, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined.

At one of the public camps in the Grand Lake country of Washington County a record of more than five thousand fish for a single season is reported. This looks more like slaughter than sport, but it is bringing into prominence more and more each year a section of Maine fishing territory well known and well whipped by native anglers, but less famous than the other Maine waters among visitors. Being so much nearer the sea and particularly under the influence of the Bay of Fundy fogs, the ice leaves the lakes of Washington County two weeks earlier than at Rangeley or Moosehead, and then the trolling, largely with live minnows, begins. The season for fly fishing in Grand Lake Stream, the main outlet of the lake, runs through the month of June, and this is now called the best and most popular running-water sport in the State. The salmon of this stream have all the fighting qualities and so many of the other characteristics of the

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ouananiche of the Province of Quebec that experienced and much-traveled fishermen now pronounce them not only of the same family, but the same fish, the real circus man of the game-fish class.

If you can, come down to Maine with all kinds of tackle. If a thirty-third degree expert, of course you will have a four-ounce fly rod in the outfit, but do not omit heavier rods and the strongest of rigging, for anywhere at any time a record fish may surprise and give you thrill. Bring all the trolling lures in the catalogue, especially the archer spinner, and all the flies from the Parmachene Belle to the Rooster's Regret. Then you will be ready for anything, and anything is possible in Maine. But who am I to give fishing advice to you who may be reading this and already know much better the time, the place, and the fly! I will confine myself to simple injunction: Make sure that you come, for here await you health, joy, the best of all outdoors, and angling galore. And lest you have, perchance,

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forgotten the exact time and some other things of importance, let me refresh your memory with a brief but official summary of the latest regulations.

The open season for trout, land-locked salmon, and togue is from the time the ice is out of the pond or lake fished in the spring until September 30.

Open season on white perch and black bass, in lakes and ponds, from June 20 until September 30. The law provides, however, that it shall be lawful to take black bass, with unbaited artificial flies only, from the time the ice is out of the lake or pond fished in the spring until June 20 following.

Open season on land-locked salmon, trout, and black bass in Sebago Lake and Long Pond, Cumberland County, from April 1 to September 30, inclusive.

In Thompson Pond, in Androscoggin, Cumberland, and Oxford Counties, closed season on land-locked salmon, trout, and togue is from September 1 to January 1, of the following year.

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In brooks, streams, and rivers, open season on land-locked salmon, trout and (sea) salmon is from the time the ice is out of the brook, stream, or river fished in the spring until September 15; on black bass and white perch, from June 20 until September 30.

No land-locked salmon less than twelve inches in length, or trout less than six inches in length, or black bass less than ten inches in length, or white perch less than six inches in length can be caught, killed, or had in possession by any person; *provided, further*, that in Great, Long, East, North, Ellis, McGraw, and Snow Ponds, said ponds being part of the Belgrade Chain of Lakes, no trout less than ten inches or black bass less than twelve inches in length can be caught and killed at any time; *provided, further*, that no person shall take, catch, and kill in any one day more than six black bass in either of the above-named ponds or in Lake Kezar or in Lower Kezar Pond in Oxford County.

It is unlawful for any person or party or the

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occupants of any one boat, canoe, raft, or other vessel or conveyance propelled by steam, electricity, hand, or other power, to catch by still or plug fishing, so-called, more than four trout and land-locked salmon in any one day collectively, nor more than two trout and land-locked salmon in any one day individually, in Rangeley, Richardson, Mooselookmeguntic and Cupsuptic Lakes, in Franklin and Oxford Counties.

Land-locked salmon and trout may be taken by artificial flies, until October 1, in Moose River between Moosehead Lake and Brassua Lake, in Somerset County.

Daily limit on protected fish under the general law: fifteen pounds (or not more than twenty-five fish, provided they do not exceed fifteen pounds in weight) or one fish. Sale and purchase of land-locked salmon, trout, togue, white perch, and black bass are prohibited.

The recreation of angling is simple and great, seductive and innocent, delightful and useful.

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Unless you thus dignify some of the very helpful and entertaining books of the Badminton Library, it is the only sport that can really boast a classic in literature. It lends itself to good thinking, and many and many a time has inspired fine writing, from Walton, who gave to the world the classic, to William Black, who was wont to give to some of the finer scenes of his novels the technique of fine fishing. It is the only outdoor amusement that makes lethargy productive and solitude harmless. It needs—is worth—a perfect setting. You will find it in Maine.

· VI

SHOTGUN AND RIFLE

“IF any one asks you to go shooting down South, take the next train for Moose River.”

Thus wrote, last winter, my good friend Trapper Higgins, of New York, who had gone into the Carolinas a-hunting, to our good friends Trapper Winslow and Trapper York, of Maine, who had inclined to stay North and let the hunting fever have its run at home.

From a moose, weight eighteen hundred pounds, height at shoulder seven feet, to a least sandpiper, length five and fifty one-hundredths inches, is a far cry in the shooting game. And when you take into the account all that fills in between these extremes — deer, bear, fox, coon, rabbit, wild geese, every kind of North American duck, except possibly the redhead and canvasback, partridge, woodcock, quail, curlew, all the plovers, and many other



ROADS LIKE THIS TO THE HUNTING REGIONS

Shotgun and Rifle

shore birds — all shot in Maine, you will appreciate that here there is a considerable range of sport, and variety enough to suit every inclination of the sportsman. What wonder, then, the train for Moose River?

Once, but fully half a century ago, the handsome and wily caribou could be added to the list, but now, for some mysterious reason, not fully explained by the naturalist, they almost never venture across the Canadian line, apparently possessing an acute sense of definition quite equal to the Ashburton Treaty. Many the hunter and trapper and woodsman who saw the last caribou in Maine. For instance, I came across this only yesterday in one of the daily newspapers, from an "old Kennebecker":

"Close by me they passed, sixty or more, crossing from Holeb Pond by the carry to Attean. They held their heads high and looked straight ahead, coming so close I could have touched them. They traveled ten rods to my one. That was the last herd of caribou ever seen in Maine, fifty years ago, back in 1865,

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the year the war closed, when we first lumbered in Jackman. Strong and compact as to legs, much stronger than deer, and of great endurance, Maine caribou were hunted too much and they got starved out and left the State. I think the herd I saw was traveling to New Brunswick."

And many the hunter and traveler and woodsman who insist they will come back if we but wait long enough and keep the powder dry. But at present Maine caribou are found only in the game laws, which say they shall not be shot at all under penalty of two hundred dollars.

In the above list I have excepted — possibly you will note — the redhead and canvasback, two ducks that belong more to prandial literature than to any enumeration of game birds. But I have no doubt that both have been shot in Maine in considerable numbers, though less than half a dozen have been officially reported to the department of natural history of the State College. The mallard, a tender, vegetable-feeding duck, and another

Shotgun and Rifle

delight of the epicure, is often found here, though its natural spring, summer, and early fall home is much farther west, about the Great Lakes. Ten of the sixteen counties of the State report the mallard as a migrant in various degrees of rarity. Mabel Osgood Wright, in her intensely interesting and exhaustive "Birdcraft," without which no modern household is well ordered and complete, lists the mallard only as a wandering visitor to New England and the redhead and canvasback as rare migrants. All three breed northward from all the Northern States, and if mallard so often in Maine, why not, now and then at least, redheads and canvasbacks?

But not every man a sailor who wears a sailor hat.

Back in town again of a cold late fall night — and hungry, and dining somewhere — anywhere — in the vastnesses of that territory between Tenth and Fifty-ninth, where dining is not only an art, but an occupation, a philosophy of existence, an aim, an ambition, a

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life-work — where the whole world seems always to be eating and drinking day and night, especially night. And your waiter! You've had him before. He knows you — calls you by name — not in the social Monhegan way, but always with the distant, dignified, and very respectful "Mister." And if you happen to have been on the Governor's staff, and thus possess a title, he has divined that by some secret waiter's code and uses it; and you are otherwise welcomed as a man of importance who knows what and — a matter of quite as much moment — how to order.

"Yes, sir, good evening, sir. Rather cold to-night, sir," by way of preliminaries. And then, as you perfunctorily glance down the menu: "That canvasback! Very nice to-night, sir. Yes, sir, canvasback. And browned sweet potatoes? Very well, sir. Celery — romaine — yes, sir. And what jelly with the duck? White currant? Yes, sir, white currant." And so on down through the cheese, coffee, and cigars to "Very well, sir. Thank you, sir."

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And you dine in state, and are satisfied — with everything.

But while the sweet potatoes are sweet potatoes, and the celery celery, the romaine romaine, the white currant jelly white currant, and the cheese, coffee, and cigars, cheese, coffee, and Cuban tobacco, a hundred to one, sir, the canvasback is not canvasback at all, but a black duck, which is not black at all but dusky brown, and served to you in a sufficient degree of running red rawness to command the price without recalcitrance. But a black duck, sir, by any other name is just as good; always a delicately flavored and satisfying bird on the table, and in addition the favorite of all true sportsmen; while the canvasback is mentioned by bird historians only in its cook-book relation. Even in this it has its critics. "There is little reason for squealing in barbaric joy over this overrated and generally underdone bird," says Dr. Coues. "Not one person in ten thousand can tell it from any other duck on the table and then only under the celery circum-

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stances.” Meaning by the celery circumstances that it is at its best — to be more precise, good — only after feeding on wild celery, nothing more than a tender species of eel-grass, which any old duck will take when he can get it. Certainly no self-respecting black duck was ever known to fly so high as to pass it by.

The black duck is the standard water fowl of all gunners in Maine, and although classified by the ornithologists as the most prominent member of the sub-family of river ducks, it is found in salt and fresh water alike, along the bays and marshes of the coast, and in the ponds, rivers, and streams of the interior — all the way from the end of Cape Porpoise to Squapan and Madawaska.

And since we are speaking of dining and the like — and why not? — in what State, pray, has the gastronomer more, and more varied, opportunity for the exercise of his peculiar mental ability and powers of appetite and digestion? For many years now I have been bombarded with the statement at dinner parties,

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at some dinners that were not parties, and at some parties that were not dinners, on other occasions grave and gay, by professional, amateur, and traveling McAllisters, by hotel stewards and club superintendents, that in Baltimore was to be found the best market in the world, because Baltimore was the metropolitan center of a large producing area of the greatest table delicacies. But times have changed, and even travelers, and epicures, and stewards, and superintendents have learned. Among those who know, this center has moved up to somewhere in the vicinity of the Wild Goose Club on the shores of Moose Pond. For there, or thereabouts, as you will note by the map, is the center of the State of Maine.

With the exception, perhaps, of the oyster, whose blood would be blue if he had any, we have all that Maryland offers, and much more and better conditioned. For instance, our Maine sportsmen are first in the States to catch the game birds in their fall flights to the South, fresh from the clean, northern feeding-grounds.

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Our resident delicacies, like partridge, woodcock, and venison, roam and feed over thirty thousand square miles of wholesome territory, two thirds of it forest land, much of it primeval. Our sea and inland fish are taken from waters, cleaner, clearer, and colder. It is an axiom, both of the kitchen and dining-room, that the farther north any fruit or vegetable can be raised and ripened, the better it is. Ask the Texas farmer why he sends way up to Aroostook for his Green Mountain and Cobbler potato seed. Ask the grocer out in Seattle what is the standard green corn of North America. Who that has had his Cape Elizabeth strawberry for early breakfast in early July, fresh with the morning dew, will say there is any better — or as good? As for those wild meadow mushrooms, up with the lark, personally picked in a down-east pasture, of a crisp September morning, and stewed in fresh cream, or broiled, and buttered, and salted, and toasted — it's a pleasant dream come true.



THE OLD-TIME STUMP FENCE

Shotgun and Rifle

Likewise a culinary axiom, that a young and fresh Maine lobster taken from the deep, cold waters of the coast, unspoiled by pound, car, or transportation, has no superior in the world, and no equal except in near-by Nova Scotia where the shellfish conditions are identical. I have seen many barrels of them on shore steamers, barrels especially made with compartments for ice, marked for Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, and even for far-off Denver. Poor Denver! Will she ever know? And lest you should be in some doubt as to exactly what she should know, let me call to your attention that it is the consensus of all great and well-tutored modern minds that a lobster should be eaten right out of the water and right out of the shell, and reaches its greatest height, in fact the very pinnacle of perfection, only at one of Captain Free McKown's clambakes close down to the water's edge.

There is no fish that improves with the hours after taking unless it be the sea salmon, and about that the great modern minds are in

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some conflict, though there is no reasonable contention that it is any better after a day out of water. Nor is there any diversity of views about the comparative merits of the sea salmon taken from Maine waters. It brings the highest price, is the delicate pink flower of the whole salmon family, and gets a unanimous vote from those who can qualify at the food-fish polls. So does the down-east clam, and the scallop now being found in quantities along the Casco Bay shores and up the shorter salt-water rivers.

There is no shad quite so good as that from the Nonesuch, a small marsh river of Cumberland County. The fish are known in the market by its name, and the most common method of catching them is called "bump fishing," at night. A long pole with a large round hoop having a net attached is placed in the crotch of a stick on shore. The outer end is lowered into the water and the net sags with the tide. The shad, coming in with the flood or going out with the ebb, run into the net and the fisher-

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man at once knows that he has a “bump.” Quickly turning the pole, hoop up, and using the crotched stick as a fulcrum, he lifts the net, swings it inshore, and the best of dinners is his. This method is used both by professionals and amateurs, and during the shad-running season in the spring the little river, lighted by torches on either side for a mile or more, presents a picturesque appearance.

And then suppose that your own particular fondness in this particular department of life happens to be for brook trout. Where can you find higher quality, where more quickly, more easily, or more pleasantly reach satiety?

“Let me fix one my way this noon,” said the guide to us one morning while we were having phenomenal luck on one of the upper Penobscot streams. And he prepared a half-dozen half-pound trout, taken from swift water, — we were four in the party, — for a feast, Lucullian in conception and execution, that not Mr. Sherry, nor Mr. Delmonico, nor Mr. Oscar could surpass or even duplicate. As guides

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will, in some mysterious manner, he produced a hardwood plank and to this nailed the fish, tails up. After spreading them liberally with butter and salt, he placed the end of the plank in a tin basin close up to the outdoor fire, on the windward side, the basin being used to catch the melting butter as it ran down over the trout, to be served later as a sauce. Just before the process of cooking was completed he moved the plank around for a few moments to the leeward side of the fire, "just to get that smoky flavor," he explained, and then served to us, with roasted potatoes and green corn, a dish of planked brook trout which no pen can describe and no billionaire's millionaire chef ever imitate.

The only real, serious, downright, dyed-in-the-wool professional epicure I ever knew, the only man I ever met who seemed to be always traveling or sending over the world for rare and good things to eat, once told me that he considered the American golden plover the best and most delicate game bird that ever graced

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a table. Furthermore, that this was also the opinion of all the other charter members of the guild. Well, here is the American golden plover to be bagged in Maine in all his glory. And to have Win Pillsbury call them down to trollers on the Scarboro marshes along with a flock of winters, and later on serve them for dinner, is a liberal education in good sport and high living. If September, the usual month of the plover's fall migration, happens to be stormy, the golden variety are often found in flocks on the Maine marshes and sandspits. But if calm and pleasant, they fly south far out over the Gulf of Maine and only the stragglers find their way inshore.

There are three hundred and twenty different species of birds officially reported as positively occurring within the limits of Maine, and in the list all the worth-while North American game birds. Many more than this number have doubtless been seen, but unrecognized and unclassified. Professor Asa Lane, gentle soul, who not only had an unerring

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instinct about birds and an abiding love for their study, but was also thoroughly versed in their habits and geographical distribution, once told me that in the Belgrade Lake region in June could be found the greatest variety of feathered neighbors of any equal area in the United States. Some of our coast counties — Knox, for instance — report two hundred and fifteen species, and Cumberland more than two hundred. The State is the main highway for all the shore migrants, and in addition the most eastern meeting-point of both shore and inland birds resident in Canada on the north and in the warmer regions to the south. It therefore has ornithological interest and importance, and indeed reputation, quite up to its other outdoor distinctions.

It is also rich in Northern flora, variety, and quality, with its own temperate climate and variety of soil, and possessing also, as in the case of birds, part of the Canadian and Alleghanian characteristics. It is the home, permanent and temporary, of many an amateur

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botanist, and even now, as I write this far down on the eastern coast, do I see through my open window two interesting and apparently much interested ladies, one from the Far South, the other from the Far North, with opera glasses, bird-, flower-, fern-, and note-books, in the useful and delightful quest of Maine rest and health, and easily obtained natural education.

Big game is the big quarry of the late fall hunter in Maine, and of course a moose, if possible, is the capital prize. It is more than possible, in many places almost a moral certainty. But moose are protected for the current four years by a law of the last legislature which is expected still further to increase their kind. There are some public camps in the State where, I am told, a moose has been "guaranteed" within five days after registering, and others where two deer are still promised in the same manner, the legal limit for a single sportsman. This is quite the reverse of good example in sport, and, fortunately, not common. It smacks too much of royal drives abroad

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where game beasts and birds are sometimes paraded to slaughter by kings and princes without even a sporting chance for life. The quest of bird, or beast, or fish, for food — no more — is really the national game — not poker, not baseball. As a gambling proposition it meets all the necessary chance requirements, and as to skill ranks with the best. With its all outdoors attachments it drives Wall Street to the wall and a deck of cards into the fireplace. I can well understand from a commercial standpoint how a man can continuously — every deal — sit behind four aces with Christian resignation, but I cannot comprehend it as a game. I know a certain man not far away who fishes a certain brook faithfully every year, never gets a bite there, and never counts the day lost. If all one desires is to be “guaranteed” venison, why not the market? What does hunting mean, anyway?

The only thing good about the proposition is that it can probably be fulfilled. For it is a prevailing belief among experienced guides

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and other observers who have only scientific interest in the subject that big game in the eastern country is increasing and in places, notably in the St. John River valley and along the New Brunswick border, rapidly increasing. The wisdom of Maine's restrictive laws on large game becomes each year more and more apparent. While caribou seem to be possessed of some sort of boundary-line animal instinct and a preference, for the present at least, for the northern side, moose and deer are roaming across from the Provinces in larger numbers and adding greatly to the possibilities of Maine sport. Meanwhile bear hunting in the State is greatly on the increase and fast becoming one of the standard big-game recreations. More black bear were shot last year than moose. They seem to be multiplying in almost every wooded section of the State, reports of the larger increases coming from the great forest tracts north of Moosehead and in the Grand Lake wilds of Washington County.

This is the official big-game report of the

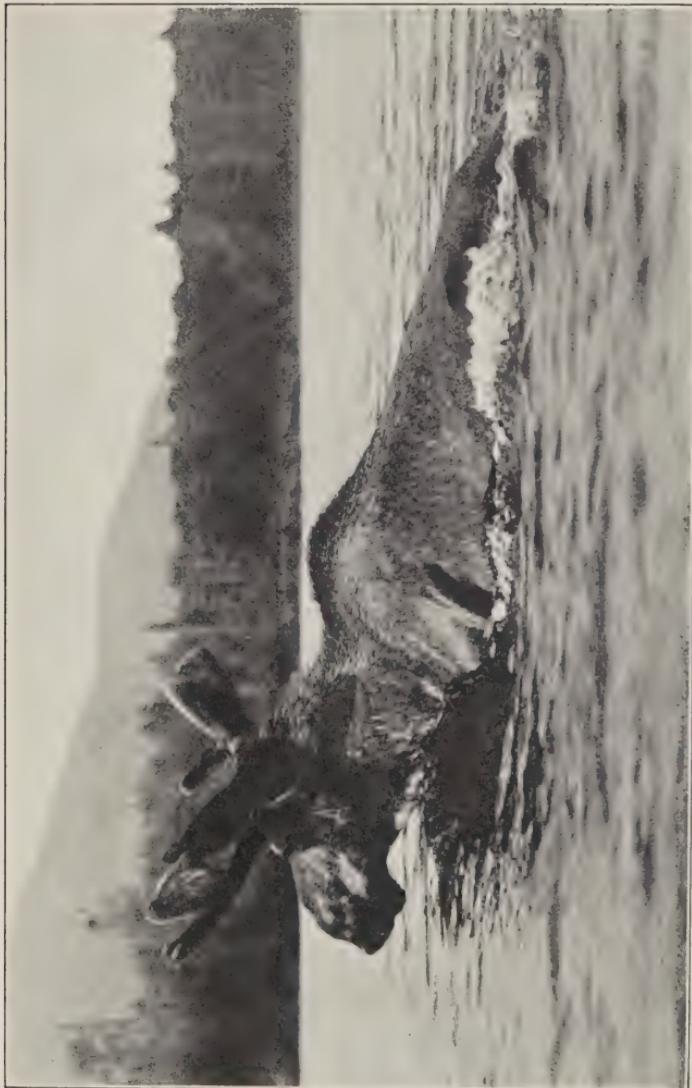
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State Commission for the last shooting season when moose were included, the fall of 1914:—

Deer reported killed and shipped.....	5296
Deer reported killed and not shipped.....	2140
Moose reported killed and shipped.....	95
Moose reported killed and not shipped.....	38
Bears reported killed and shipped.....	130
Bears reported killed and not shipped.....	61

Thus making 7436 official deer, 133 moose, and the surprisingly large number of 191 bears. But official statements always fall short of the complete story. They do not take account of all the big game consumed in camp, and it is quite likely to be among the human probabilities that sporting exuberance and an ambition for records to tell about often lead to forgetfulness in the matter of reporting to the Commission.

Maine moose in summer and in the fall seem to be animals of a different family so far as wildness is concerned, as if they knew what was open and what close time. This idea carried to its logical conclusion, and we shall have to drive them off the lawn before the four years of protection have passed. They are easily



MAINE MOOSE SWIMMING A LAKE

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found in the warmer months and often seen by woodsmen on the edges of lakes trying to shake off and drown out the insect pests by which they are annoyed much more than other big game; while in November and December they are wild and wary and run from man as they try to run from flies in the summer. It is quite easy to understand, therefore, that the photograph accompanying this chapter was taken on the Fourth of July, which is sure, in ninety-nine years out of a hundred, to be the hottest day of the year in Maine. Dr. Heber Bishop was able to get a moving picture of a moose swimming a pond under similar circumstances, the canoe, with the machine and operator in the bow and an Indian paddler in the stern, following the animal, apparently not much frightened, to the shore. I saw this film in exhibition last winter and thought it one of the most remarkable and interesting natural history reproductions that could be shown. But for me it took away much of the romance of the deep woods and some of the

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halo of fascinating mystery that always surrounds big game. What next, I wondered! Bagging birds from a monoplane, perhaps, or taking colored photographs of Rangeley trout from a submarine. Possibly torpedoing English sole.

Two methods of hunting moose have been in vogue in Maine for many years, "calling" and "walking down." The call is used in the evening or early morning and is made through a white birch-bark cone about two feet long and five inches in diameter at the base. An attempt is made to imitate the love call of the female, and the antlered male monster is thus lured to slaughter, a rather mean trick on so noble an animal and a method now said to be going out of fashion. Your true sportsman is more and more coming to take game in a sportsmanlike manner and the more difficult method of "walking down" appeals to him.

The deer of Maine are almost exclusively of the white-tailed variety and are found in every county in the State, with special laws govern-

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ing different localities. The naturalist renders the opinion that nowhere do these deer grow to larger proportions than in Maine and in no other State are they found in such good condition in the fall. Deer hunting is the standard big-game sport of Maine.

An epitome of the game laws of the State, revised, and including all those passed by the last legislature, is not out of place here:—

1. Moose and caribou protected.

Deer: Open season in Aroostook, Penobscot, Washington, Hancock, Piscataquis, Somerset, Franklin and Oxford Counties, October 1 to December 15, both days inclusive. Limit in these counties, two deer to a person in one season.

Special deer laws: Open season in counties of Androscoggin, York, Cumberland, Sagadahoc, Lincoln, Waldo, Kennebec, and Knox during the month of November. Limit in these counties, one deer to a person in one season. One person can kill only two deer in all in Maine in one season. Deer cannot be

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sold or given away to be taken out of the State.

No closed season on bears, bobcats, loup-cervier, Canada lynx, or weasels. Open season on all other fur-bearing animals, November 1 to the last day of February.

Rabbits: Open season, October, November, December, January, February, and March.

Gray squirrels: Open season, October; perpetual closed season, however, in all public and private parks, and within the limits of the compact or built-up portion of any city or village.

Bobcats, Canada lynx, and loupervier: Four dollars bounty on each of these animals killed in Maine.

Sunday is closed season on all wild birds and wild animals. Penalty, for unprotected birds and animals, not less than ten dollars, nor more than forty dollars, and costs for each offense; for protected birds and animals, the same penalty as for hunting during other closed season. This law took effect April 15, 1915.

It is closed season on wild birds from sunset

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to sunrise of the following morning; and on wild animals from one hour after sunset until one hour before sunrise of the following morning.

The penalty for hunting unprotected birds and animals at night is not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars.

Penalty for hunting protected birds and animals at night is the same as during other closed seasons.

Partridge and woodcock: In Oxford, Franklin, Somerset, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Aroostook, Washington, and Hancock Counties, open season, September 15 to November 14 inclusive; in Androscoggin, Cumberland, York, Kennebec, Waldo, Knox, Lincoln, and Sagadahoc Counties, October 1 to November 30, inclusive.

Ducks, brant and geese: September 1 to December 15, inclusive.

Black-breasted and golden plover, jacksnipe (or Wilson snipe), and greater and lesser yellowlegs: Open season, August 15 to November 30, inclusive.

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Rails, coots, and gallinules: Open season, September 1 to November 30 inclusive.

Perpetual closed season on Hungarian partridge, capercailzie, black game, all species of pheasant (except ruffed grouse or partridge), curlew, wood duck, and all shore birds (except black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson or jacksnipe, woodcock, and greater and lesser yellowlegs), and on all other wild birds (except crows, hawks, owls, English sparrows, mudhens, kingfishers, loons, and blue herons, which may be killed at any time).

Daily limit on game birds: No person can kill, have in possession or transport in any one day more than five partridges, ten woodcock, ten ducks, ten snipe, and five plover.

Game birds cannot be sold or purchased at any time.

Motor boats cannot be used for hunting sea birds, ducks, or waterfowl in any inland waters or in the Kennebec River below the Gardiner and Randolph Bridge; or in Eastern River; or in Merrymeeting Bay; or in Bluehill Bay;

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or in Frenchman's Bay, or in Eggemoggin Reach, in Hancock County; or in Saco Bay, in Cumberland and York Counties.

Dogs must not be used in hunting deer.

Unlawful to use silencers on firearms.

I have given this somewhat extended summary of the game laws not only to render possible aid to the sportsman, but to give non-residents a more comprehensive idea of the care and thoroughness with which the State of Maine is now fostering one of its great assets. It seems to be the almost unanimous opinion that these laws are wise. If there is any further suggestion to make, it should be in the matter of politics. The whole fish and game department — its personnel and its operation — should be removed from any kind of political consideration, absolutely, permanently. In this manner only can the best results be obtained, best for the State itself, and best for those whom we invite to enjoy its limitless resources.

VII

CAMP AND CANOE

Do you know the blackened timber — do you know that racing
stream —

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
With the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and
dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?

It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know —
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight in our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go.

KIPLING knew. And he seems to have caught and transcribed in these few lines the spirit of the deep New England woods far better than the deep New England sea in all his “Captains Courageous.”

And my judicial friend from New York knew — years ago. For twenty-five Septembers, without a break, he has spent his four weeks in his own home-made camp on the banks of one of those racing streams of the wilderness that empty their trout and salmon

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into Moosehead Lake. For more years than twenty-five has he listened annually to the call of the Red Gods, and in one form and another of outdoor indulgence got them out of his system.

Who does not sometime during the year, many times, perhaps, have the feeling that he must kick over the waste-basket, hang up the out-of-town sign, take to the woods, and enjoy what Professor Phelps calls the process of de-civilization? It is the only way to make civilization itself endurable.

Finally the judge, after trying out his various inclinations for the open, settled down to an annual and systematic camping-out vacation in the Maine woods. If I remember aright, the coming September marks the quarter-century anniversary. He lives, moves, and has his being during the other eleven months in an atmosphere of preparation and reminiscence. The days lead up to and go from September — glorious, golden September, he calls it. There is a smooth way of roughing it in a

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rough country. The judge has it. And I can do no better, perhaps, in trying to give an idea of camp-life in Maine than to describe his vacation as he has described it to me these many times, and which I once had the pleasure and profit of actually seeing in full swing.

Camping in the open has been the main objective of all his plans. If fish come to his net and game to his bag, well and good. But fishing and shooting are incidents, so he says, and matters of good food more than of good sport. But it so happens, you will note, that in September — his golden month — he gets the last of the trout and salmon fishing — and with flies this is likely to be as good as any in the whole season — and the first partridge shooting, and the first is by no means the worst. The living in camp is therefore good, and his selection of September at least a happy accident. He has two experienced guides and a cook, all of whom have been with him since the camp was established. He can even omit any letter of notification, for they all know



CAMPS LIKE THIS ALL OVER MAINE

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that the time is September 1st, rain or shine, and the place the old camp, of course, close down to the swift river's edge, with good pools above, below, and abreast, a small pond not far away, and in among big trees whose overhanging branches give both protection and charm. The camper's veritable fairyland! He always comes in with the family, his wife who knows and enjoys the best of outdoors, and three husky boys, made so by this life in the woods, who have as much zest for it and get as much keen enjoyment and new strength out of it as the father and mother.

And what is camp without a boy? He's the life of it, this roving interrogation point of the woods. It is here of all places in the world that the boy justifies himself and becomes a thing of beauty and joy forever to the guides — even to his parents. He asks questions from sun-up to evening, and if there is anything that gets by, from boiling water in a birch bark basin to trapping a mink, it is his misfortune and not his neglect. His unconscious enthusiasm

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for everything he sees and hears and does, his constant, always-boiling joy at the big and broad life about him, is educational, decidedly and quickly contagious, and brings back youth and activity to his elders. A boy who has not known existence in a camp like this, or in one rougher and less modern in its comforts, who has not experienced and enjoyed all the seasons in a country village or on a farm, starts with a serious handicap in the great Marathon of life. Always take a boy along when you can, for his own sake and for yours.

When the judge and his wife and busy boys arrive promptly on the eve of September 1, they find the little village of tents set up, a good fire in the center of the hollow square, which, by the way, is never allowed completely to die out during the month, and a big supper in the making. They have come in by train, lake steamboat, and canoe, the last poled or paddled up the river, or both, according to the height of water. There are three sleeping-tents, a kitchen tent, a dining-tent, and one

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used as a living-room and library stocked with nature books of all kinds, the September magazines, and a few of the late novels. Legal tomes, briefs, books about war, and newspapers have failed to pass the library committee. At one end of this canvas living-room, which madame always manages to keep homelike and attractive with wild flowers and other native decorations, is a stone fireplace, where burn almost every evening yellow birch logs, the delight and ambition of every man who knows just what an open fire should be. The beds and pillows are of fresh, gently yielding, sweet-smelling fir boughs, on which the wildest-turning neurasthenic can be induced to sleep in five minutes. The dining-table is so arranged that it can be moved into the open for *al-fresco* effect, or kept under cover if weather requires. The kitchen is the model of the establishment, the creature of the judge's brain and the apple of his eye. It is convenient to the outdoor fire, where all the cooking is done, and is so arranged in its relation to the trees

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and their limbs that nature and man seem to have combined to make cooking an art and dishwashing a pleasure. The tents stand on three sides of the square, and by the open side runs the little river, playing no unimportant part in the picture. A month in a place like that and life has its compensations! There is never a dull moment, but ever something new and unusual to see and do. And if I might once more touch on gastronomics, something new to eat, for once we had partridges cooked in deep fat, and the tenderest meat of any kind I ever tasted.

The judge's camp is far from any settlement and miles from any farm or clearing. The change from his office in Nassau Street and his home on Riverside is complete and satisfying. Quite sufficient to please a Tolstoy who "dwells with especial fondness on the sharp contrast between the frivolity, the tinsel brightness, the tumult and vanity of the worldly life and the sweet, holy calm enjoyed by those who, possessing the soil, live amid the

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beauties of nature and the pleasures of the family."

Each year the whole camp, including the guides and cook, takes up a new nature study. They began several years ago with birds, and followed with wild flowers, ferns, and animals. The native guides contribute the results of long observation of wild life, the family make the textbook applications, and both get the advantage of mutual assistance not often found in outdoor education. When I was in last fall they were all studying trees.

"What next?" I asked Mrs. Judge.

"Bugs."

The possibilities of places just like this in Maine cannot be counted. They exist by the sea, by the lakes, on the hills, and almost anywhere along the rivers and streams. The State is known far and near as a paradise for those who especially enjoy this kind of outdoor life. And this kind of life can be enjoyed in every season, only in midwinter the abandoned logging-camp takes the place of canvas tents.

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Summer and fall, of course, find more campers in Maine than the other seasons, but spring and winter are becoming more and more popular each year. Right at my elbow now stands a man who went into Parlin Pond last March to pitch his camp, and he waxes eloquent and pleasing on the beauties of the young year in the Maine wilderness.

“There are four excursions,” says Professor Sharp, one of my New England nature instructors, “that you should make this spring: one to a small pond in the woods; one to a deep wild swamp; one to a wide salt marsh, or freshwater meadow; and one to the seashore — to a wild, rocky, sandy shore uninhabited by man. There are particular birds and animals, as well as flowers, that dwell only in these haunts; besides, you can get a sight of four distinct kinds of landscapes, four deep impressions of the face of nature that are altogether as good to have as the sight of four flowers or birds.”

As I read this in the morning lesson out



VIRGIN WATERS IN VIRGIN FORESTS

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under the silver leaves of the tree of the genus popple (much-approved spelling), it occurred to me at once that there are no States that can afford this combination in such small areas as can Maine in almost all of her coast towns. And if one must live in one place during every month of the year there is no more healthful climate for the normal man, no greater variety in natural life, and no keener interest in all kinds of life. Even if you have no other inclination, the mere observation of the change of seasons, here produced in strong contrast, in all its wonder and glory, will give you reason for living and zest in existence.

Sitting one day before the open fire in the comfortable old Bangor House, kept at the time by Captain Chapman, as fine an old-school old gentleman as ever entertained a President, I looked up in great astonishment to greet an old friend who had slapped me on the shoulder in brotherly but vigorous affection. It was like shaking hands with a man who had come back from the Great Beyond, for knowing that he

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was ten years an invalid, and at the end of that time desperately ill, we of his college class had lost track of him and given him up. He served as chaplain — so runs the story of his return to life — in the Cuban campaign during the Spanish War and came out a physical wreck. After a series of years and many experiences with all the great doctors from Boston to Chicago, he went mentally on the rocks.

All kinds of operations were performed on nearly all parts of his body, and finally one of the famous Philadelphia physicians frankly told him that science had done its best and been exhausted.

“There is just one more hope for you,” said he to his patient. “Where were you born, and where did you spend your early life?”

“Patten, Maine.”

“Go back there at once, and live absolutely and completely in the open for two years. Not parts of two years, but twenty-four months of two years. Sleep out of doors every night, eat out of doors every meal. It is your last chance.”

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“And I followed this to the letter,” said the former invalid. “At the end of eighteen months, after taking in this Maine air, and never once sleeping indoors, I remember now that the whole thing came to me as a revelation while sitting on a log up in the woods. All of a sudden it came to me that I was alive, and going to live. I jumped with joy. A new man, and here I am!”

There is every kind of inducement for every kind of camp-life in the State, including the old-fashioned camp-meeting, an institution still extant in several counties. The spruce-bordered salt-water shores, with all the natural and some of the manufactured advantages of the wealthier resorts, offer their special attractions. In the early development of the vacation idea, camping out on the coast was a common and inexpensive method and the white tents which dotted the shores in summer, each with its tame crow for a mascot and pet, added pictur-esque ness to the scenery. But now spruce and pine boards have largely supplanted canvas,

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and the summer cottage of varying degrees of expense is the prevailing vacation home at the seaside. In the early days it could be produced for a song. Now it takes a whole lot of songs, and before the final bills are finally paid father usually breaks out in an anvil chorus. But the increased expense of construction has brought with it more convenience and comfort, and with these have come a much longer season. The camping-out period of two weeks of years ago has grown into three or four months, and many families now come to the coast for five and six months. In the interior, however, the camper is still holding his own, and his location is usually convenient to fishing and shooting according to the season. Then there are the mountain-climbers who pitch their tents here, there, and everywhere in the hills, and pursue their arduous recreation.

Camping in Maine can be made rough and simple, or luxurious and complicated, as you like, or according to your bank account. You will have a good time, anyway. The prime essen-

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tials of all equipment are an open mind, a disposition to put up with anything and everything, and a determination to take all you can from Nature's storehouse of health and knowledge. And in the Maine woods, as everywhere else, Nature is generous, exhaustless. Her candle lights a million other candles and burns on brightly and invitingly just the same.

As to physical outfit, it is interesting here to note Thoreau's recommendations, made after his three camping-out visits to Maine from 1846 to 1857. I quote from the appendix of his volume, "*The Maine Woods*":—

"The following will be a good outfit for one who wishes to make an excursion of *twelve* days into the Maine woods in July, with a companion, and one Indian for the same purposes that I did.

"*Wear*,—a check shirt, stout old shoes, thick socks, a neck ribbon, thick waistcoat, thick pants, old Kossuth hat, a linen sack.

"*Carry*,—in an India-rubber knapsack, with a large flap, two shirts (check), one pair thick

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socks, one pair drawers, one flannel shirt, two pocket-handkerchiefs, a light India-rubber coat or a thick woolen one, two bosoms and collars to go and come with, one napkin, pins, needles, thread, one blanket, best gray, seven feet long.

“*Tent*,— six by seven feet, and four feet high in middle, will do; veil and gloves and insect-wash, or, better, mosquito-bars to cover all at night; best pocket-map, and perhaps description of the route; compass; plant-book and red blotting-paper; paper and stamps, botany, small pocket spy-glass for birds, pocket microscope, tape-measure, insect-boxes.

“Axe, full size if possible, jackknife, fish-lines, two only apiece, with a few hooks and corks ready, and with pork for bait in a packet, rigged; matches (some also in a small vial in the waistcoat pocket); soap, two pieces; large knife and iron spoon (for all); three or four old newspapers, much twine, and several rags for dishcloths; twenty feet of strong cord, four-quart tin pail for kettle, two tin dippers, three tin plates, a fry-pan.

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“*Provisions*, — Soft hardbread, twenty-eight pounds; pork, sixteen pounds; sugar, twelve pounds; one pound black tea or three pounds coffee, one box or a pint of salt, one quart Indian meal, to fry fish in; six lemons, good to correct the pork and warm water; perhaps two or three pounds of rice, for variety. You will probably get some berries, fish, etc., beside.

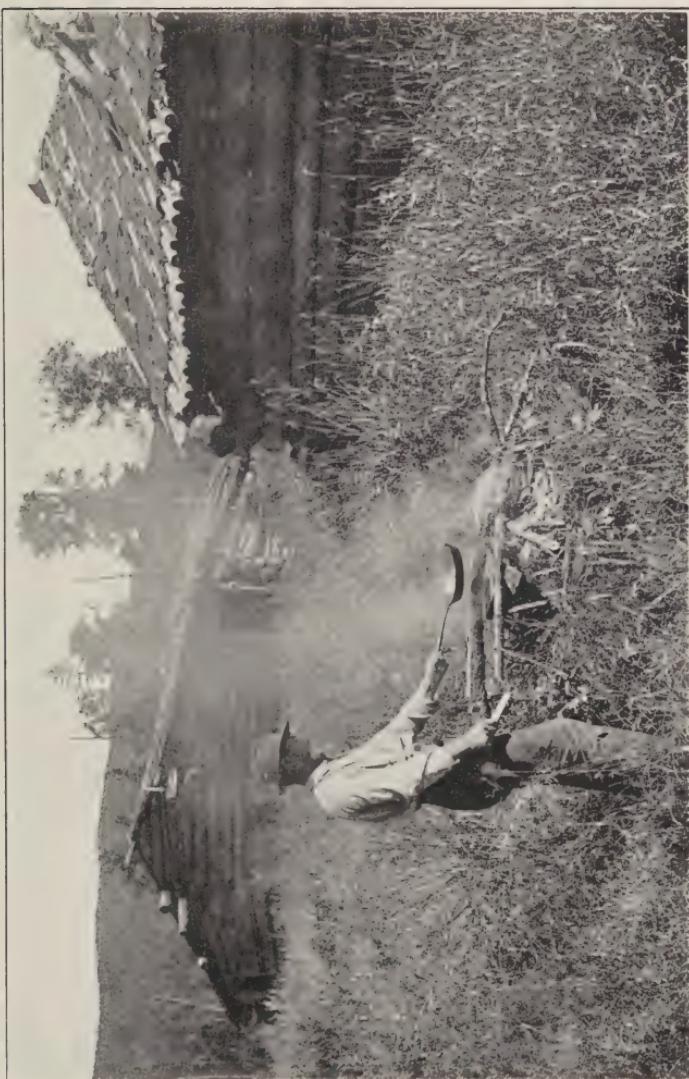
“A gun is not worth the carriage, unless you go as hunters.”

This was many years ago and there have been many improvements since, but the camper of to-day who has the genuine back-to-nature feeling, and a desire really to rough it, can follow much of this advice with profit. It is difficult to understand why Thoreau insisted on a “check” shirt, but he probably had his reasons. A book with this descriptive adjective is sure to be found convenient. Tents have naturally been greatly improved, and a grade of sea-island cotton, sometimes known as “balloon silk,” light and compact, is now the common material. Other modern improvements which Thoreau

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would advise, if he were camping in Maine in these days, are: First of all, a decent respect for the game laws, and next, a camera; then paper blankets, light and warm; panchos for wet weather, light duck duffel bags for clothing, and some of the new foods prepared with reference to compactness and nutrition. These last, however, only for emergency rations. Live as much as possible off the country of your invasion — and very much is possible you will find. Keep your own ingenuity and that of the boys always at work. What you cannot learn from the guides, invent. You can always teach them something, not the least of the satisfactions of the wilderness.

There are more than a hundred boys' and girls' camps in Maine, and nowhere in the country has this comparatively new development of summer life reached such a high standard. Nowhere is there such a variety of conditions adapted to this kind of outdoor education and training. These camps are to be found in every county, on the shores of all the larger



LUNCH AT AN OLD LOGGING-CAMP

Camp and Canoe

lakes and ponds, and, in smaller numbers, on the seacoast. This form of outing for the youth of the family, which combines the vigor of the open air with light study, is becoming more and more a feature of the annual vacation plan, and the camps in Maine are fast increasing to meet new demands. Many of these include in the generous outdoor curriculum some sort of observation or actual experience in farm life, and there are few things in temperate climate nature that cannot be studied at first hand. The most common camp village has for its center a general dining-room and meeting-place, which is either a large tent or of log-cabin construction, surrounded by smaller tents which the boys or girls make their summer homes, each containing from two to four cots. The young students roam the fields and woods almost at will. There are all kinds of sports, and the larger camps have the all-important athletic instructor on the board, usually with swimming as his specialty. At one of the boys' camps on the shores of Sebago last summer I

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found the most famous football player of his year installed as one of the councilors.

This is probably an advertisement, but it expresses so well the aims and actual accomplishments of these highly beneficial institutions, that I am glad to copy and give it the circulation of this volume, if it has any:—

“Give me your boy or your girl for a summer,” says the manager of this new sort of summer rendezvous. “Let me have them in the care of myself and my trained assistants. They shall have all the reasonable freedom they could ask; be under watchful care every minute of the day; study nature under specialists who know its every secret; meet their comrades from other cities, other States, other environments; share the friendship of cultured, college-bred camp directors; be instructed, if you wish, in some of the special studies which they have not entirely mastered during winter schooling. In the fall, they shall be returned to you, strong, healthy, with that resourcefulness which only life in the woods teaches.”

Camp and Canoe

Some one who keeps the count reports that five thousand canoes passed over the Northeast Carry of Moosehead Lake last season. And this is only one converging point of the great canoe cruises of the State. They vary in length from twenty to three hundred miles; in south and north geography, from Kennebunkport to St. Francis, and, west and east, Umbagog to Lambert Lake; in topography, from a small and harmless pond surrounded by gently sloping fields to the far-famed but unfrequented Ripogenus Gorge; in character from a mild paddle down a placid stream to an inland wind-swept sea voyage of sufficient roughness to test all the resources of an expert.

You can start right in at Camp Ellis at the mouth of the Saco, and with few carries, none of which is hard or long, make Upper Kezar Pond through one of the most charming valleys in New England, from tidewater almost to the center of the White Mountain Range. Meanwhile you have had all the exercise that one trip requires, for you have paddled up a rise of

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fifteen hundred feet above the level of the river's mouth. The general elevation of the Saco's basin is greater than that of any other of the great water-power rivers of Maine, except the Androscoggin. You have also passed through scenery of great variety and a wonderful beauty which Kate Douglas Wiggin — power to her eloquent tongue and pen — is trying her best to preserve. She appeared before a committee of the legislature last winter in opposition to a bill giving rights to dam the Saco at Hiram, near her home.

“I know I am not saying a single logical thing,” said she in a charming, illogical, womanly way, “and I know I am talking from sentimental reasons. I care nothing about the loss in a financial way. But for twenty years the women of that section have been trying to make a better community of it. At one blow the beauty of everything we have tried to do will be destroyed if this bill passes. I can't conceive of anything that would reconcile me to life without the beauty of that river.”

Camp and Canoe

But in spite of this argument, whose strength lay in its feminine weakness, the bill passed.

You have also enjoyed the Fryeburg Bend, where, starting near the village, you can canoe twenty miles of the river and arrive — at the village again, not far from Dr. Gordon's fine old colonial home. The Saco Valley seems to possess great fascination for the New England novelist. Thus does Howells open "A Modern Instance," in his intimate, homely way, describing Fryeburg and its river as it twice sweeps in and out of town, a mirror and classic of a typical Maine village: —

"The village stood on a wide plain, and around it rose the mountains. They were green to their tops in summer, and in winter white through their serried pines and drifting mists; but at every season serious and beautiful, furrowed with hollow shadows, and taking the light on masses and stretches of iron-gray crag. The river swam through the plain in long curves, and slipped away at last through an unseen pass to the southward, tracing a score

The Latchstring

of miles in its course over a space that measured but three or four. The plain was very fertile, and its features, if few and of purely utilitarian beauty, had a rich luxuriance, and there was a tropical riot of vegetation when the sun of July beat on those northern fields. They waved with corn and oats to the feet of the mountains, and the potatoes covered a vast acreage with the lines of their intense, coarse green. The meadows were deep with English grass to the banks of the river, that, doubling and returning upon itself, still marked its way with a dense fringe of alders and white birches. . . .

“Behind the black boles of the elms that swept the vista of the street with the fine gray tracery of their boughs, stood the houses, deep-sunken in the accumulating drifts, through which each householder kept a path cut from his doorway to the road, white and clean as if hewn out of marble. Some cross-streets straggled away east and west with the poorer dwellings; but this, that followed the northward and southward reach of the plain, was the main

Camp and Canoe

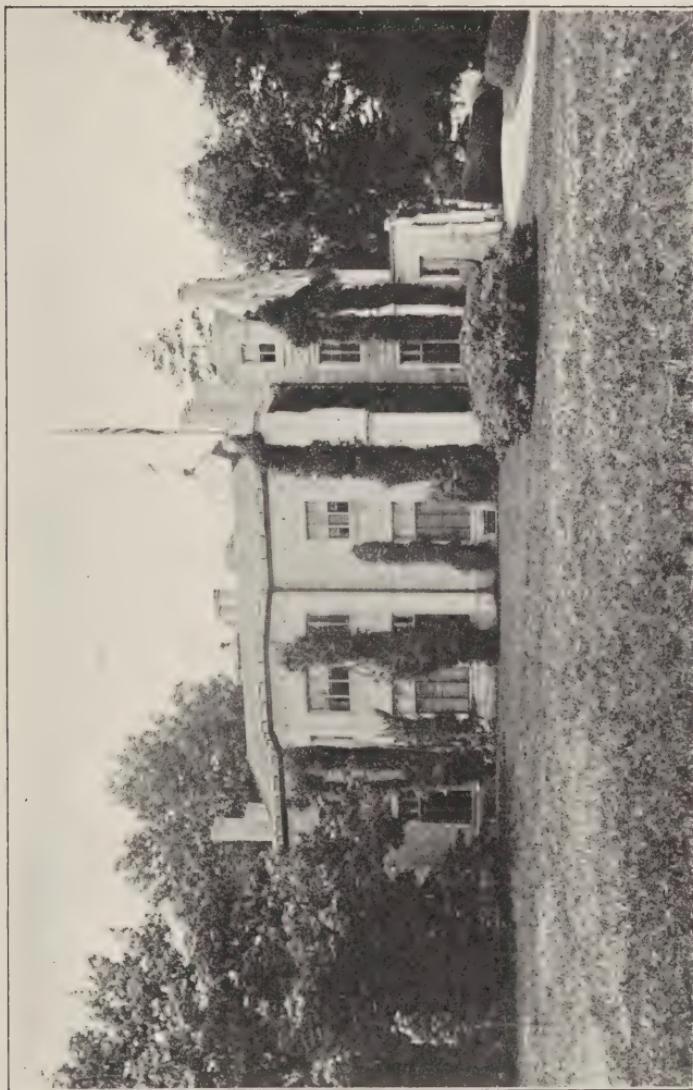
thoroughfare, and had its own impressiveness, with those square white houses which they build so large in northern New England. They were all kept in scrupulous repair, though here and there the frost and thaw of many winters had heaved a fence out of plumb, and threatened the poise of the monumental urns of painted pine on gatepost. They had dark-green blinds, of a color harmonious with that of the funereal evergreens in their dooryards; and they themselves had taken the tone of the snowy landscape, as if by the operation of some such law as blanches the fur-bearing animals of the North. They seemed proper to its desolation, while some houses of more modern taste, painted to a warmer tone, looked, with their mansard roofs and jig-sawed piazzas and balconies, intrusive and alien.

“At one end of the street stood the Academy, with its classic façade and its belfry; midway was the hotel, with the stores, the printing-office and the churches; and, at the other extreme, one of the square white mansions stood

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advanced from the rank of the rest, at the top of a deep-plunging valley, defining itself against the mountain beyond so sharply that it seemed as if cut out of its dark-wooded side. It was from the gate before this house, distinct in the pink light which the sunset had left, that, on a Saturday evening in February, a cutter, gay with red-lined robes, dashed away, and came musically dashing down the street under the naked elms.”

Another western Maine canoe cruise, which combines rivers and small streams with large and small lakes, can be started at the mouth of the Presumpscot River just north of Portland, and finished at the head of Long Pond in the delightful old town of Harrison. It has all the Maine varieties of scenery, takes you over the length of Sebago Lake, and through the Songo, a strange little river, always turning on itself, and altogether the crookedest stream in the United States, called “sinuous” for the twofold purpose of accurate description and allitera-



THE GARDINER MANSION, IN GARDINER

Built in 1754

Camp and Canoe

tion. Then up through the American Bay of Naples, in between the beautiful highlands of Bridgton, to the foothills of the mountains. You have carried around at Westbrook some of the finest paper mills in the world, and, farther down the Presumpscot, have passed one of the most unique and beautiful summer and winter outing-places for public entertainment that can be imagined. The picturesque open-air theater, where nothing but entertainments of the first class are given, is worth paddling many miles to see. There is an air of quietness and pleasant refinement seldom if ever found in popular resorts of this kind. And when any one tells you that places like this cannot be made financially successful unless they have at least some of the cheap, noisy, and gaudy attractions of the big city resorts, take him to Riverton, just out of Portland, on the banks of the little river where the canoes are; morning, afternoon, and evening; popular prices; bring the children. It's a charming place. I wish Mr. Howells could see it.

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For your trip through the Rangeleys, already described, plan to take lots of time. The fishing is so good.

And some year take your canoeing outfit down into the Belgrade Lake chain, cruise all the ponds, Messalonskee Stream to Waterville, out into the Kennebec, and down to Augusta, or even to Bath and Fort Popham, a hundred miles or more of interesting territory. Going up the Kennebec to Gardiner on the Boston boat the other morning, I overheard this from a man who looked a gentleman, a traveler, and a good judge of landscape:—

“Why, this beats the Hudson!”

There are the Washington County lakes and streams which can be entered from the railroad at East Machias and left at Princeton, or entered at Princeton and left anywhere you like; with all kinds of scenery, and especially land-locked salmon scenery. Be sure not to omit Wittequergaugum from the itinerary. This region is known more for its great fishing than for camping and canoeing, but of late years it

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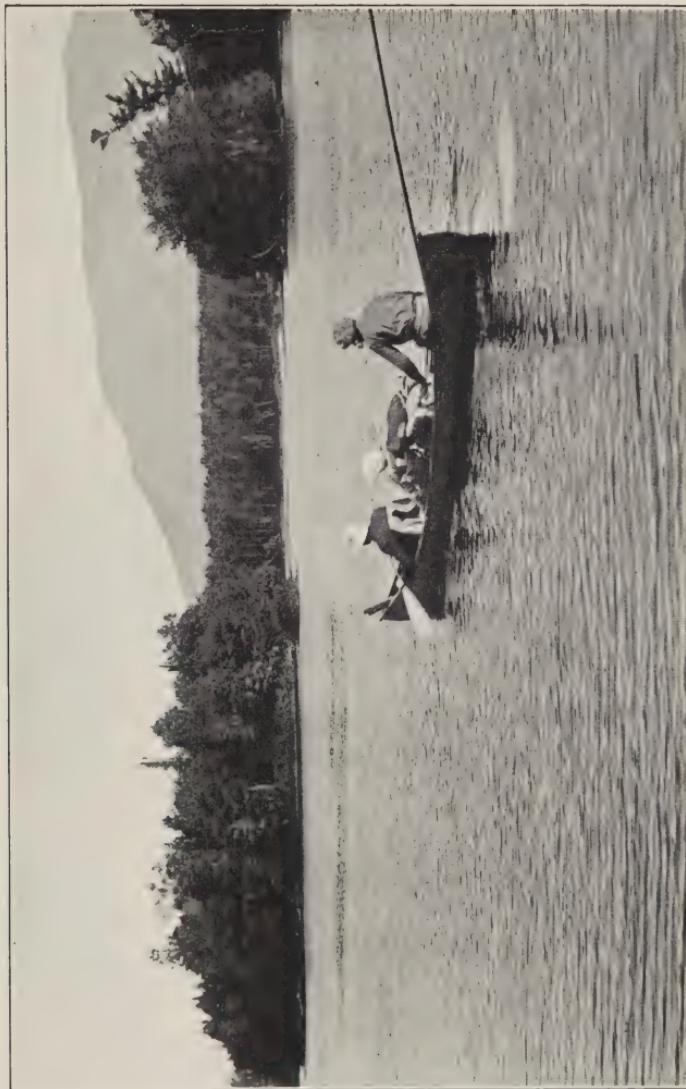
has become very popular for all kinds of outdoor life.

There are no more famous canoe trips in the world than those of the West Branch and the East Branch of the Penobscot. Both begin at the Northeast Carry of Moosehead and run on together to Chesuncook Lake. Then if the West Branch is your choice, turn southeast down the lake and at its foot you run into the Penobscot, over and around falls, rapids, and great gorges, on to the Twin Lakes, where the cruise ends at Norcross, a distance of about eighty miles by water. This can be done in a week's time, but two weeks are better, and if you wish to make détours and enjoy Lobster Lake, the wonderful trout fishing at Sourdnahunk, and a side trip up Katahdin, you can easily use up a month. It is said by the guides that more canoeists make this trip than any other in the State. It is particularly popular with novices.

The East Branch trip, also starting at Northeast Carry, but ending at Grindstone, has unusual attractions both for the novice and the

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veteran, and if the side line is a fishing line it has more interesting and productive possibilities than any of the others. It covers a hundred and twenty miles of forest waterways whose equal in variety and wild beauty is hard to find in any country. Turn northeast at the head of Chesuncook and paddle nine miles through Umbazooksus stream to the lake which struggles along with the same name. Then back to the English language again at Mud Pond, only a few miles away, where you fairly enter East Branch waters. This cruise includes Chamberlain, one of the larger and more picturesque of the northern Maine lakes, and, after leaving Webster, some pretty swift water, especially at Grand Falls. If the river is high, if you are inexperienced yourself, and not sure of the guides, and if you are thinking of safety first and dry clothes next, take out here and tote to less turbulent waters. There are other rapids below which you will do well to consider, one in particular, known on the maps as the "Hulling Machine" — probably intended for



CANOE TRIPS LIKE THIS ON THE PENOBSQUIT

Camp and Canoe

“Hurling Machine.” For its rapid succession of rough and smooth water and many good camping-places the canoeist will find no more exciting and interesting trip than this.

A real man’s size voyage is that farther up north and down the St. John River. Its length as usually taken is two hundred and thirty miles, and it comes to an end way up on the border at St. Francis. It can be extended down the river to a total distance of three hundred miles or more, if desired—part of this extension in Canadian territory. This is the only one of the big canoe trips of the northern country that starts at the Northwest Carry, so known in the old days, but in the modern called “See-boomook,” but whether for convenience or euphony the geographers fail to relate. You pass up the West Branch through lake and river regions not unlike those of the other northern trips. But once over into the St. John, there is a clean water run with the current of nearly ninety miles into Acadian St. Francis.

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Last to be mentioned of these wonderful waterway outings, but not least to be considered, and just now the most famous and popular of all, is that from the Northeast Carry to St. Francis and Fort Kent, two hundred miles, known to all canoeists as the Allegash route. It follows up through Chamberlain, Churchill, and smaller lakes to the north, into the Allegash River, down to its junction with the St. John and St. Francis, and ends in a fifteen-mile run to Fort Kent, the usual terminus of this grand excursion. It has many interesting détours, and you can use up a month or six weeks of time without any feeling of monotony. On the other hand, it has been done in ten days with none of its beauty overlooked.

Speaking of speed and endurance in a canoe, I am just now reminded of the great astonishment with which we regarded a very handsome, agile, six-foot-six Indian one night at the West Outlet camps. We had been fly fishing in the morning about a mile below the dam when he

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passed us in his light, Oldtown canoe, with a rather stout lady, apparently past middle age, as a passenger. When we returned to camp about five o'clock that evening for supper there he was at the landing patching his fragile craft. In his day's trip he had paddled down the length of the West Outlet and across the head of Indian Pond, poled up against the current of the East Outlet, and then, with paddle again, worked seven miles up Moosehead Lake against a fairly stiff northwester, more than twenty miles in all. Without the smallest sign of boasting he told us he had made this same trip every day for a week.

He had no engagement, and would we like to go to-morrow?

Of course, this was no record in actual distance covered, for they tell great stories up in those regions, and most of them are true. But when you take into consideration the conditions of current and wind of that particular day, gallantly saying nothing of the stoutness of that particular lady, you will appreciate that

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that particular feat was something to cause astonishment. I have ever since had great pride in knowing that particular, silent, smoky Indian. Muscular, wiry, powerful, resourceful, keen of eye, quick of limb,—you would travel far in many countries before discovering a finer physical specimen of any race, or a product of the forest so nearly perfect: one of those rare men who always and at once command complete confidence. You have an instinct that he will do exactly what he ought to do at exactly the right time. His mental alertness and physical speed are especially impressive, and altogether he fits to perfection Lardner's description of the Honorable Tyrus Raymond Cobb, of Georgia and Michigan: "When the other fast guys is thinkin' what they're goin' to do, he's did it."

Northeast Carry is an interesting place. It is what Edna Ferber calls Emma McChesney's office—a clearing-house for trouble. You arrive by steamer and leave by canoe. In between the two you have forgotten the crossing

Camp and Canoe

officer and his crowds; you have forgotten grocer's bills and club bills, business engagements and dinner engagements, the office boy and the desk, tailor and valet, long arguments and Latin prescriptions — everything that smacks of the complexity and turmoil of a big city and your occupation — everything but the blackened coffee-pot and great days to come. Care must be piled high at the Northeast, for there you leave it behind. Before you, true sport, "not as a dissipation for idlers but as a philosophy of life, a bulwark against effeminacy and decay." And in the far-off northern Maineland where "still waves the virgin forest of the new world."

Thoreau said other things about this region of your joys: —

"It is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with insipid, small, red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks, — a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout, with

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salmon, shad, and pickerel, and other fishes; the forest resounding at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the blue-jay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and howling of wolves; in summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?

“What a place to live, what a place to die and be buried in! There certainly men would live forever, and laugh at death and the grave.

Camp and Canoe

There they could have no such thoughts as are associated with the village graveyard,—that make a grave out of one of those moist evergreen hummocks!

“Die and be buried who will,
I mean to live here still;
My nature grows ever more young
The primitive pines among.”

The primitive pines! Alas, they are going. And on many a Maine hill, where flourisheth the portable sawmill, deadly, unpoetic, and commercial, they sough no more. But there is, and for many generations will be, a wealth of spruce of many varieties, with frequent white and gray and yellow birches to relieve what otherwise might be an evergreen monotony.

“The traveler and camper-out in Maine,” says John Burroughs, “unless he penetrate its more northern portions, has less reason to remember it as a pine-tree State than a birch-tree State.”

There are still enough, however, and more, to preserve the name. And up where you are

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going in the canoe, with your rods and reels and traces, you will sleep beneath the shelter of some of the finest specimens in the East.

I note in reading the gentle and intimate letters of Sarah Orne Jewett that she claims for York, her home county, the real giants of the pine-tree race:—

“I went to see some large pine trees down on the edge of Wells, on an out of the way road, but I always knew these pines were the biggest in the State and had a great desire to see them. Oh, do go next summer to see the most superb creatures that ever grew. I don’t believe their like is in New England; more than four feet through their great trunks, and standing so tall that their great green tops seem to belong to the next world. In all my life I never was in such glorious woods.”

You may not find quite their like, up where you are going in the canoe, but you will see many of them, and hear them whisper an answer to the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend.

In your outdoor wanderings in Maine,—

Camp and Canoe

by canoe or any other means of travel,— do not pass heedlessly by the Country Store. Stop, look, listen — especially listen. You will always learn. This ancient and honorable institution, the farmer's forum, the villager's senate, is still in our midst, in full development, in undiminished usefulness and glory. Age cannot wither its powers nor custom stale its daily sessions. Thank Heaven! It is democracy's continuing hope, the national safety-valve, humanity's benefactor. Any harried President can average up the common sense of any Country Store, just after supper, accept it, act on it, do well, and get reelected. Questions state, national, and international are settled in an atmosphere of molasses, kerosene, rock candy, and fly-paper, and settled right. In an old-fashioned setting, still there, of copper-toed-boot boxes, peach-cans, mosquito netting, ready-made pants, and mowing-machine advertisements there is developed and expressed an old-fashioned Abraham Lincoln sense of justice and right that could be laid down as moral law in

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any parliamentary body in the world. The board of strategy around the old stove seldom goes wrong. May I repeat? Stop and listen: participate. You will come out of this collision of Country Store intellects chastened and learned.

VIII

FOREST, FIELD, AND FACTORY

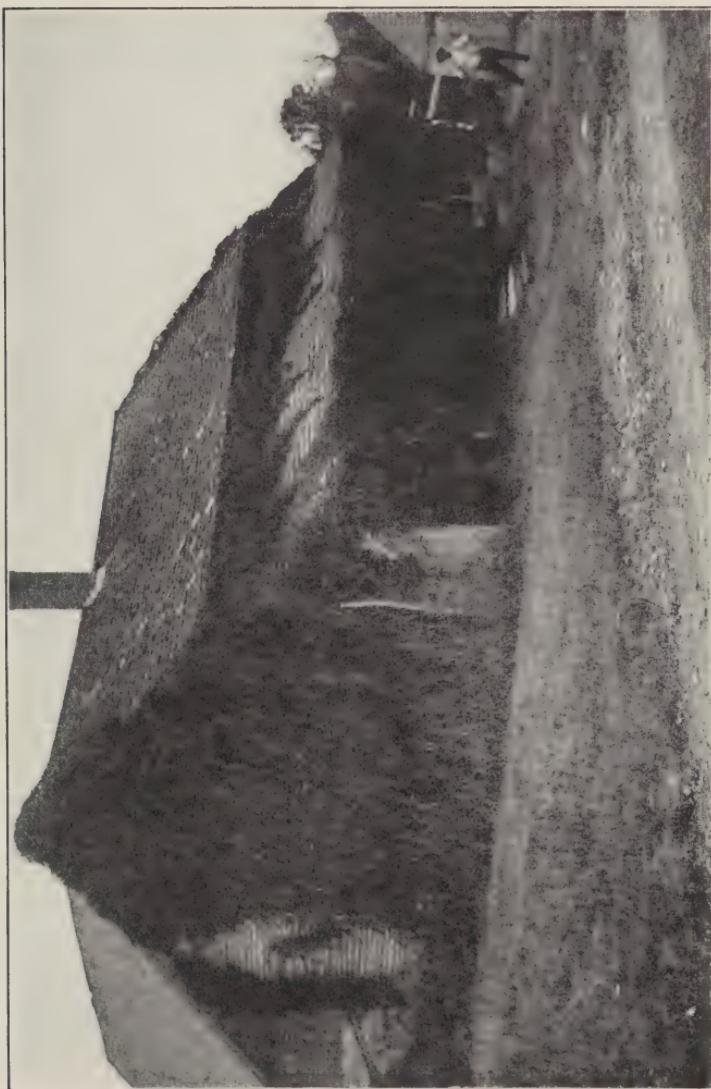
NOR is pleasure all there is in Maine. There is business, much of it, and good. There might be more, but it could not be better.

Maine is the one big raw material State of the New England group. But while others immediately on the west and south have grown in population more than two hundred per cent in half a century, this State has stood comparatively still. There are almost as many analyses of the reasons for this as there are men with curiosity enough to seek causes. They all lead around in a circle, returning always to the unexplained negative proposition that we neither utilize opportunities nor apply intensive methods. No community ever completely realizes, but the difference in Maine between what we have and what we do is so great as to attract attention from economical observers and ex-

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perts in efficiency. For instance, in the matter of its greatest natural asset, while Maine ranks third in the Union in developed water-power, it is at the foot of the list in proportion of development to total possibilities. A catalogue of sites undeveloped, many of which are even yet unsurveyed, would include parts of every river and stream in the State and disclose many an unpronounceable Indian name.

No less a statesman than Gladstone, observing England's greatest rival, said that the United States had the natural basis for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man. This State, wedged up into British territory one hundred and fifty miles, is one of the great units. With a boundary line between its northern counties and Canada four hundred miles long, equal to that of the Empire State of New York, it is altogether probable that the great Premier found here part of the foundation for his statement. The question of resource is not worth considering except in its relation to development. In a climate more



TYPE OF ABANDONED FARM

Forest, Field, and Factory

stimulating to human energy than any in the United States, and at a time when the whole country for very obvious reasons appears to be entering on a new and still greater industrial activity, what are we doing with the greatest and most easily adapted of natural assets?

The kind of New England conservatism, so well illustrated by a sentence in the latest looking backward book of Mr. H. G. Wells, in which he speaks of new things making their way into practice against a skepticism amounting at times to hostility, has had its day and for the most part disappeared. If it ever had any influence in retarding development in Maine, it was not important. The conservatism that has operated unfavorably here, and to a large extent is yet to be overcome, is due more to a lack of belief in the value of home resources. In some cases it is a lack of knowledge of what the State really possesses. Local hesitation in local investment is a natural result.

There have been inspiring individual instances of confidence followed by action, and

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they have produced far-reaching results. The making of the two young manufacturing cities, Rumford Falls and Millinocket, almost in the heart of the wilderness and overnight, was Napoleonic in conception and execution. Hugh J. Chisholm, who was the founder of the Androscoggin enterprise, and whose success was an influence in attracting outside capital to the great development on the Penobscot, was a Maine man with a belief in Maine advantages, and courage and energy to use them. His remarkable spirit lives in the succession and the whole State is a debtor to his faith and foresight.

A combination of qualities in which prophecy and perseverance were important, added to the keenest appreciation of surroundings, enabled Franklin W. Cram, another Maine man with faith in his State, to drive a steam railroad into the primitive northland and bring thousands of square miles of rich territory within the limits of easy transportation and good business. He saw Aroostook, a great commonwealth in itself, with wonderful virgin soil, vast tracts of val-

Forest, Field, and Factory

able timber, and water-powers without limit. And to see was but to realize. He rediscovered the Penobscot River basin, extending from the St. John on the north to the Atlantic on the south, from the Kennebec watershed on the west to the St. Croix, Machias, and Union River basins on the east; comprising 8500 square miles, more than a quarter of the total area of the State; with a great and powerful river having 1600 tributary streams running down through its center 200 miles to the sea; with 2,500,000 acres of forest lands having a stand of 5,000,000,000 feet in spruce, 438,000,000 in cedar, 153,000,000 in pine, and hemlock, fir, and hard woods in abundance. Big, staggering figures these. And to rediscover was but to have faith and act.

Another example of business inspiration combined with firm reliance on the State's advantages is to be found at Poland Springs in quite another sphere of activity. Here three brothers, each a big man in his own individual capacity and special work, all Maine-born, Maine-bred,

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and first of all for Maine, have consummated a resort enterprise founded by their father in such a manner and to such an extent as to make it world-famous and to bring credit and distinction to the State as a whole. It is a standard of excellence throughout the country, in general and in detail. And no mention should be made of its success without including the assistance of loyal sisters, who, with equal faith and commensurate energy and diligence, have added no unimportant value to the establishment. Meanwhile, all have been much interested, prominent, and valuable factors in State development, quite independently of their own immediate properties, an example of community spirit and devotion worthy of the widest emulation. I say this with the greatest pleasure, not because, with many other citizens, I have felt the pride of personal friendship for many years, but because I have had unusual opportunities at home and abroad to observe the beneficial results to Maine as a State.

The story of the new Aroostook reads like a

Forest, Field, and Factory

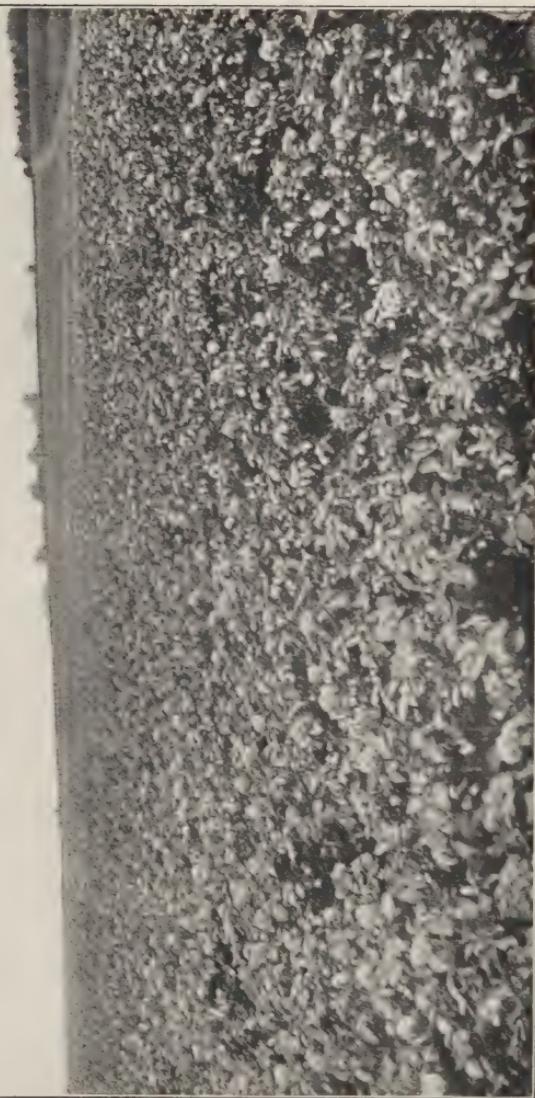
Holman Day romance. It is full of excitement and education, and its lesson can be taken home with profit by every man of Maine. The individual examples of home faith are instructive. This community example speaks volumes. The county found itself only twenty years ago. It was then straggling and struggling. Now there is a piano in every parlor, an automobile in every barn, and from every family a boy or girl at college. Potatoes. Some one finally became convinced of the special adaptability of the soil for raising this important crop, and followed out the conviction to its logical and money-making conclusion. The neighbors looked on in amazement. When they saw him pay the last installment on the piano, subscribe to telephone stock, and take the whole family to the Presque Isle Fair, Aroostook County was made. They wisely followed the example of specialization and put all hands to the plough, the cultivator, and the digger. To-day there are a hundred thousand acres within the county lines given over to potato-raising, with hay and grain as

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rotating crops. If any one has anything to sell, from a Panama Canal bond to something new in graphophones, he strikes the trail for the new El Dorado whose county seat is Houlton.

Quality first. It takes all the prizes at national fairs, is recognized as paramount in North America, and a large part of the annual crop goes to all parts of the country for seed purposes. As to quantity, records have been made with intensive methods of more than 400 bushels to the acre, but the average yield of the county is 225 bushels. This is the story in bushels of the growth of Aroostook in so short a period as two decades:—

1895.....	1,586,267
1896.....	2,371,847
1897.....	1,271,175
1898.....	2,567,808
1899.....	2,894,672
1900.....	3,043,879
1901.....	4,471,183
1902.....	3,112,460
1903.....	5,341,735
1904.....	6,694,071



AN AROOSTOOK POTATO-FIELD IN BLOSSOM

Forest, Field, and Factory

1905	7,725,372
1906	12,329,010
1907	6,006,845
1908	11,796,506
1909	9,362,842
1910	11,587,632
1911	13,088,998
1912	12,045,135
1913	17,688,757
1914	(about) 15,000,000
1915	(estimated) 14,500,000

Aroostook, land of the morning sun, lives and thrives on potatoes. This crop overshadows everything else. There are two periods of excitement in the existence of every farmer, and all seem to have developed a wheat-pit spirit of venture. What will be the yield, and what the price? The new prosperity has brought the county much fame and many settlers, and has also brought out, more than ever before, its great resources of timber and water and the possibilities of general industrial advance. Aroostook's lesson is valuable and timely. With the same spirit and the application of the same

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methods, its success can be duplicated in every county in the State, and in many of them with the same crop.

The interesting, historical city of Bath is returning to its ancient glory because the home faith, loyalty, and enterprise of John S. Hyde, still a young man, has revived shipbuilding. This is a story of industrial rediscovery whose value to the State at large depends on the extent of its application. There was no music quite like the click of the caulking mallet on the shores of the Kennebec. With the gradual decline of wooden vessels and the coming of iron and steel, these harmonious sounds one after another died away, grass grew in the yards, and decay set in along once busy water-fronts. Blight settled down on one of Maine's great industries in a night. It was more marked on the Kennebec because here was the humming center of the great business. Here, too, was the place for revival, and Mr. Hyde in his home city was its leading spirit. If wooden ships, why not steel? He took over the legacy of his

Forest, Field, and Factory

distinguished father, revised, reorganized, and reestablished, and to-day the label "Made in Bath" is a mark of quality and speed on many a Government ship, and any other that has the right to wear it. It is a common sight to see a new naval vessel steaming back into the river after trial with mast-headed brooms to indicate that she has exceeded contract requirements, another triumph of Maine confidence and skill.

These are not all, to be sure, but they are conspicuous and illuminating instances of what can be done by men and communities when, not content to rest on the potential, they act and progress on the faith that is in them. They come readily to the mind of any one familiar with Maine's business past and present and hopeful of the future.

"Two great resources of the State of Maine stand preëminent: (1) Its water powers, which are *unrivaled in the United States*, and (2) its forests, which still cover vast areas."

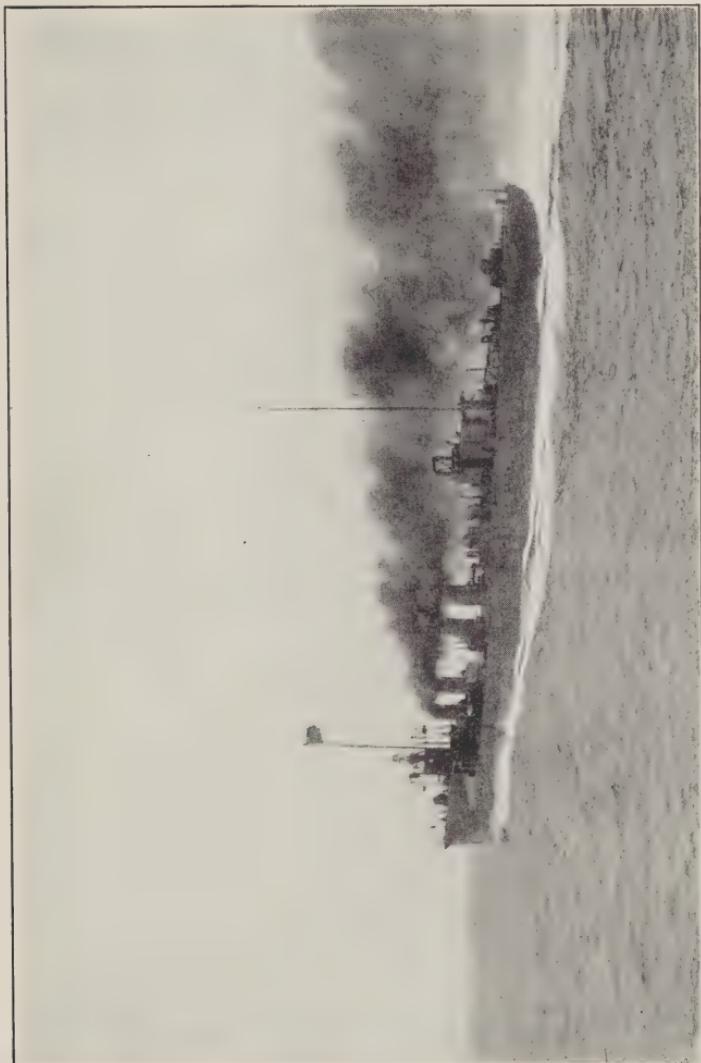
This was the conclusion of Henry Albert

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Pressey, of the United States Geological Survey, after completing in 1901 the only thorough hydrographic investigation of the State that has been made in what might be called modern times. Please to note that an expert from the Central Government, whose investigations have taken him all over the country and whose special knowledge of the special subject is complete, says in an official report that the water-powers of Maine are—not remarkable, not great, not the best—but *unrivaled in the United States*. And then consider that in the very next sentence he expresses surprise that so little has been done to study and protect them.

“Many years ago,” he continues, “it was prophesied of Maine that as its industries develop its water power must receive increased attention. Up to this time, however, the studies of its water-power resources have been meager and incomplete.”

While other States, with less than half the power developed and undeveloped have, of



MADE IN MAINE: THE REID, FASTEST VESSEL IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

Forest, Field, and Factory

themselves and in coöperation with the United States Government, been studying, surveying, conserving, advertising, and otherwise exploiting this great resource of Nature, Maine has done little more than permit this to be carried on by private enterprise, and by this only in part.

A special Government census of the developed water-powers of the United States was made in 1908, and at that time this State ranked third with 343,096 horse-power. New York, with the great Niagara power making up a large part of the total, was first, having a development of 885,862, and California second, with 466,777. The returns showed that in the whole country there were 31,537 water-powers in use, and of these only 602 were of a capacity of 1000 horse-power or more. These developments were generating a total horse-power of 5,356,680, over 52,827 wheels; or an average development per wheel of about 100 horse-power. The six New England States had 5700, generating a total of 1,032,427 horse-power,

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over 10,325 wheels. These powers were thus distributed:—

States	Water-powers	Wheels	Horse-power
Connecticut.....	893	1546	118,145
Maine.....	1222	2797	343,096
Massachusetts.....	1370	2749	260,182
New Hampshire.....	876	1799	183,167
Rhode Island.....	191	387	37,165
Vermont.....	1148	1047	90,672
	5700	10,325	1,032,427

A computation of undeveloped water-power in Maine,—potentialities running to waste,—no man has made. There are no data on which to base even a reasonable imagination. It has been a common, if careless, saying for years that the unharnessed waters of the State could operate every steam railroad and every factory in New England. While this is probably true, no one knows how much more they could do. Who, for instance, has ever calculated other storage possibilities like those of the Union Water-Power Company on the Androscoggins and of the Great Northern Paper Company on

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the Penobscot. All the estimates, however, give to Maine more undeveloped water-power than to any other State in the Union. A special report made to the Boston Chamber of Commerce says: "There is one river in Maine that will yield 200,000 additional horse-power whenever it is harnessed. This will mean something like \$12,000,000 added to the explicit wealth of the State, every year. Compute the other possibilities of the same character, and then try and realize what the unused water-power in New England means as a definite asset."

In accordance with an act of the legislature, Walter Wells made an investigation of the water-powers of the State and published a report in the year 1869. This is all I can find that Maine as a State has ever done on this vital subject. It was undoubtedly a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the time. But this was forty-seven years ago, and much has happened since then, including, you will please bear in mind, the correlation of electricity to running water.

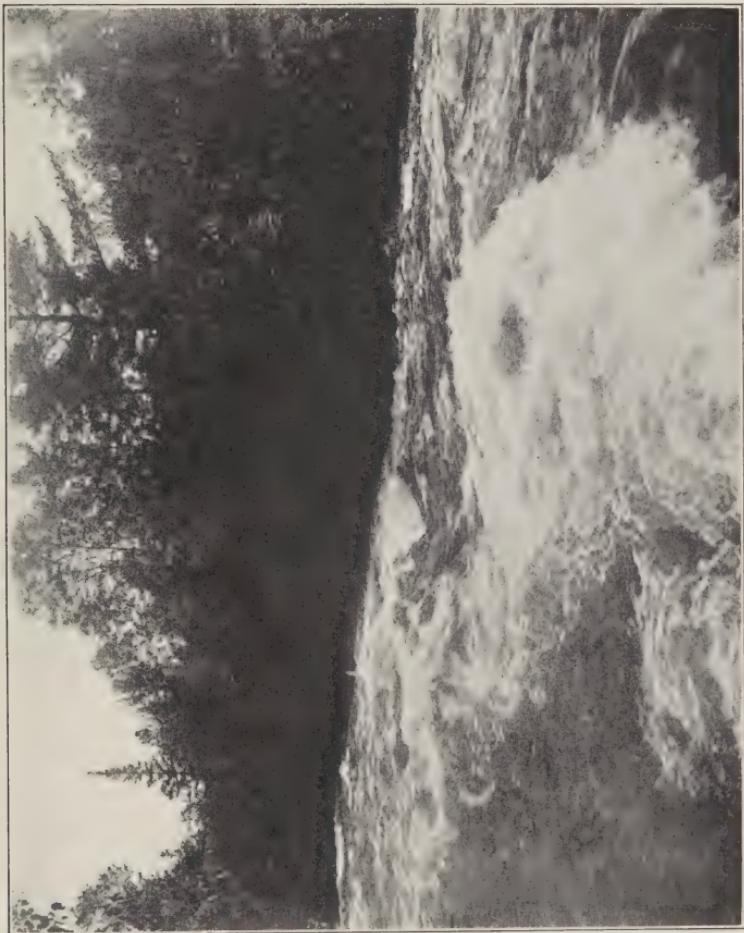
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It is rare to find enthusiasm in a Government report, usually made up of cold facts and figures stated in unromantic calmness and with a precision in which neither prejudice nor sentiment finds play. But Mr. Pressey goes still farther in his conclusions on Maine as a power State, and finds no territory in North America that can be compared with it in potential water-force.

“No other tract of country of the same extent *on the continent*,” he says, “is so well watered — supplied with lakes and streams well distributed — as in Maine.”

In addition to this main fact of tremendous natural storage we find in supplemental reports by other Government experts that geologic and forest conditions, both great influences in water resources, are as nearly perfect as can be for maximum results.

Without taking into the calculation hundreds of small lakes and ponds tributary to the rivers and streams, there is in Maine one square mile of inland water surface to each 14.3 square



Photograph by the Kalkhoff Company
THE RAPIDS OF GRAND LAKE STREAM

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miles of land. Other facts of the State's lake systems, quickly appreciated by the lay mind, may be found in this interesting table:—

<i>Name of system</i>	<i>Num- ber of lakes</i>	<i>Aggre- gate area (sq. miles)</i>	<i>Ratio of lake sur- face to basin surface</i>	<i>Average area of lakes (sq. miles)</i>
Saco.....	109	84	1:16.6	0.75
Androscoggin.....	148	313	1:17	1.43
Kennebec.....	311	450	1:12.9	1.44
Penobscot.....	467	585	1:14	1.25
St. Croix.....	61	150	1:6.5	2.95
St. John.....	206	350	1:21.1	1.75
Dennys, etc.....	22	38	1:9.8	1.72
Machias, East and West.....	56	68	1:11.7	1.20
Narraguagus.....	38	25	1:22	0.65
Union (not including islands).....	43	60	1:8	1.39
St. George, Sheepscot, etc.....	72	50	1:16	0.70
Presumpscot.....	45	97	1:5.3	2.10
Royal, etc.....	6	4	1:42	0.66
Mousam.....	14	10	1:26	0.71
Piscataqua.....	22	16	1:34	0.72
Total.....	1620	2300		

The Mississippi River is 2800 miles long. The altitude of its source at Lake Itasca is but little greater than that of the Rangeleys, and the Androscoggin, their outlet, is only 158 miles long. Lake Superior, the source of the St.

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Lawrence, is 1800 miles from the sea, but its elevation is only two thirds that of Moosehead, the source of the Kennebec, which in all its tortuous course runs only 160 miles to tide-water at Augusta.

With a glance at this table of the elevations of the larger lakes, you will at once appreciate the tremendous water-force concentrated in short distances:—

<i>Name</i>	<i>Elevation above sea level (feet)</i>
Moosehead Lake.....	1023
Wood Lake.....	1094
Attean Pond.....	1094
Long Pond.....	1094
Schoodic Lakes.....	300
Sebec Lake.....	375
Baskahegan Lake.....	400
Pamalumcook, The Twins, and Milinokett Lakes.....	500
Ripogenus Lake.....	878
Chesuncook Lake.....	900
Cauquomogomoc Lake.....	930
Squapan Lake.....	580
Sebago Lake.....	247
Umbagog Lake.....	1256
Richardson Lake.....	1456
Mooselookmeguntic Lake.....	1486
Rangeley Lakes.....	1511
Mattagamon Lake.....	850
Chamberlain Lake.....	926
Pomgocwahem and Churchill Lakes.....	914

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<i>Name</i>	<i>Elevation above sea level (feet)</i>
Allegash Lake.....	950
Eagle Lake.....	579
Square and Cross Lakes.....	587
Long Lake.....	603
Portage Lake.....	625
Fish River Lake.....	660
Chiputneticook Lake.....	382
Chiputneticook (Grand) Lake.....	449

The variation in the flow of Maine rivers and streams Mr. Pressey found very small in comparison with the power waters in other parts of the country. Considering the possibilities of easy control at the outlets he says the uniformity of discharge, so essential for continuous power purposes, "is *almost unparalleled*."

As to the geologic conditions so important in the matter of permanency, Mr. George Otis Smith, United States Government geologist, says: "The State is favored with rocks of a hardness sufficient to make the present channels of the streams permanent, while the complicated structure of the rocks and the consequent alternations of beds relatively hard and soft are the cause of some of the abrupt changes

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in the grade of the rivers whereby falls and rips succeed quiet reaches."

Another very important element in the preservation of the water-supply and the uniformity of its flow is Maine's forest area, which furnishes a great business in itself and constitutes the second great natural resource of the State. Of the 29,895 square miles of land surface, 21,000 are covered with forests, nearly one half of which, it is estimated, will never be cut, thus serving as a perpetual factor in water conservation.

The lumber industry has been for many years one of the most important in the State, and the manufacture of pulp and paper has now assumed a position in the front rank. There are thirty paper mills in Maine and as many pulp mills, with a total investment of \$30,000,000 and an annual product valued at \$18,000,000. The growth of timber in the State aggregates between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 feet each year, so that at the present rate of cutting the forests are nearly holding their own. By sys-

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tematic cutting under forestry regulations, however, the yield of the timber lands could be greatly increased and the young growth be so preserved and fostered that the yearly output would be materially augmented. Whatever has been done in this extremely important matter has also been left largely to private enterprise. The practical foresters of the great paper companies are constantly studying the situation, and their advice, based on the experience of many years in the woods, could well be taken by the State for the general good. Mr. Fred A. Gilbert, of the Great Northern Company, has already pointed out in a published pamphlet that the annual loss to Maine through failure properly to utilize its wealth of timber is more than \$10,000,000 on five of the common soft-wood kinds, spruce, pine, fir, hemlock, and cedar. He also points out the great danger to the standing growth through waste and decay and losses by fire and wind.

“We are apt to think,” he says, “of the value of timber as being the value to the owner of the

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land. As a matter of fact, competent authorities estimate that for every thousand feet of timber marketed there is a total average expenditure of more than \$16, of which but a small part goes to the original owner. There seems to be no good reason why the State should not turn most of this annual waste of 650,000,000 feet of timber into \$10,000,000 cash, to be expended in the State each year, as interest, and at the same time retain its principal, the standing timber, unimpaired."

Meanwhile, if the Maine farmer would employ some, at least, of the intensive methods which the Western farmer applies to his crops, if he would make use of the experience of his Aroostook neighbor, he might enjoy equal if not better results. The climate and soil have been found to be especially adapted to the growth and maturity of hay, grain, potatoes, sweet corn, apples, and all Northern vegetables and small fruits. The State ranks first in the Union in yield per acre and quality of three of these, potatoes, sweet corn, and apples. The Maine



MONTREAL MELONS IN MAINE

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farmer's fields and barns lie within a twelve-hour transportation of seven million consumers, while the great canning industry, in which Maine was a pioneer and is still a leader, gives him a market at his very door. And not the least of his trade advantages is the near and easy market made up of half a million visitors who each year actually come to him begging to buy. What more can he ask? The detail of what can be done to add many millions to the agricultural wealth of Maine would fill volumes. The first great necessity is the cultivation of appreciation; the second, the application of efficient effort.

The development of steam and electric transportation stands ready to meet the demands of any industrial and agricultural advance. The principal railroad system of the State, again happily free from outside entanglements and quite independent of speculative aviations in Wall Street, is of Maine, for Maine, and by Maine. Its operating management appreciates and acts. Safety first, State development

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second. It is alive and full of ideas and efficiency. Its hope is to see Maine come completely into her own.

Maine is a State of wonderful recreative realities. No less than these are its business opportunities.

IX

BY WAY OF CONCLUSION

NOR are recreation and business all.

Having the run of the Speaker's office in Washington in the great Reed days, as most Maine men did, I happened to be reading a Portland paper there one morning when the card of an eminent Southern gentleman—it was John Wise—was brought in.

“Show him in,” drawled the Speaker, in one of his happy, leisurely moods.

“Who’s running this Government, anyway?” blustered the Virginian, entering in great importance and assumed indignation.

“The great and the good, John, of course. Be calm.” — I can see the twinkle and hear the twang even now.

“Well, the great and the good must all live in Maine, then. Here I come up here on business with the Secretary of State—Mr. Blaine

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from Maine. I call to pay my respects to the acting Vice-President — Mr. Frye from Maine. I wish to consult the leader of the United States Senate — Mr. Hale from Maine. I would talk over a tariff matter with the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee — Mr. Dingley from Maine. There is a naval bill in the House in which I am greatly interested — Chairman Boutelle from Maine. I wish an addition to the public building in Richmond — Chairman Milliken from Maine. And here I am in the august presence of the great Speaker of the greatest parliamentary body in the world — Mr. Reed from Maine.”

“Yes, John, the great, and the good, and the wise. The country is safe.”

And they went out laughing to lunch with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States — Mr. Fuller from Maine.

Men there were then. There were many before them, there have been many since. These Maine gave to the nation, and they gave of themselves freely to the public service. Big

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brains, natural, powerful leaders among men, the easy product of the State. Just as Ohio finally settled down into the steady mother of Presidents, so did great men become a habit in Maine. The story of George Evans, William Pitt Fessenden, Blaine, and Reed, in one book, which should soon be written, would read like the Atherton romance of Hamilton and present a composite picture of great intellectual forces, if not of great things done.

The men of Maine have been, are, and will be its greatest asset. But to produce results in their fullness at home, they must first appreciate opportunity at home and then act with commensurate confidence and courage. History and ancestry, both quite up to the natural charm of the State, are great consoling influences, but they do not harness falling waters or build trolley lines into the wilderness. They are secure and nothing can subtract from them. But they can be amplified, and thus can they be best respected and thus only made useful.

Together with the other New England States,

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Maine, after settling down, seemed content to settle back. Her great potential forces remained potential only, and development waited while we gazed at the stars in Washington. Her great men belonged more to the nation than to the State. The others yielded to an inclination toward inertia and existence by reflected glory. If there were any who did not, they found scope for their restlessness in the great West, and pioneered new States. And of all the New England impressions on the empire beyond the Mississippi—and they are many and pronounced—the Maine mark is not the least. Therefore, seeing the great, the good, and the wise of their own kith engaged in the laudable and busy occupation of saving the country in general and building up the West in particular, it was natural for the plodders at home to lose faith in their surroundings and powers. Hence the halting process, and a dormant period which would have been well-nigh fatal had not nature asserted itself and opportunity become blatant. Yankee ingenuity, even if unprompted

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by thrift or necessity, cannot long sit complaisant and watch resources waste themselves. Sometimes we get a jolt from without — many a man has come here to play and remained to invest — sometimes through travel and observation. It gave me more than pleasure to hear this from a Maine bank president who returned last fall from a tour of the Pacific States and a visit to the two California expositions:—

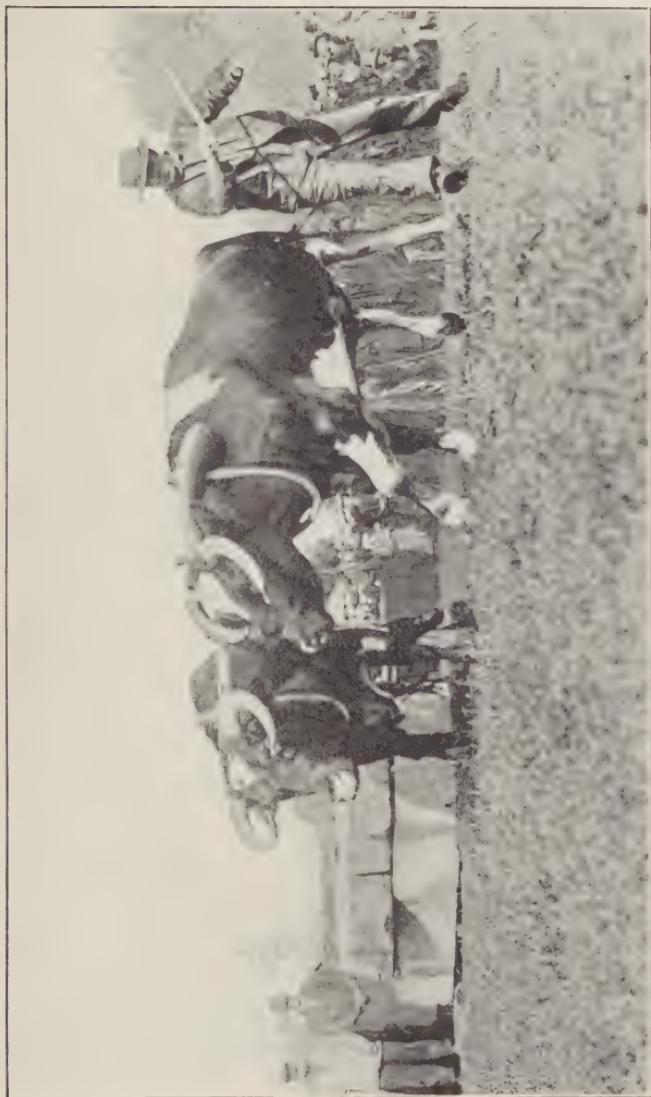
“When I see how little of real worth-while substance they have out there, and how much they do with it, and then realize how much we have here in Maine, and how little we do with it, I begin to think we are losing time and wasting opportunity. Just before taking the train at Los Angeles I asked a leading banker: ‘What keeps you going?’ ‘Fruit and Eastern money,’ was his ready answer. It set me thinking, and I’ve been thinking ever since.”

I wonder how many of our people realize that our Maine-owned Maine railroad was the only steam transportation company in New England to earn and pay a normal dividend in 1915.

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Meanwhile, if you lay store by census figures,—and who does not—consider that for the sixty years from 1850 to 1910 the State of Maine gained in population only 27 per cent, while Rhode Island grew 268 per cent, Massachusetts 239 per cent, Connecticut 201 per cent, and New Hampshire 36 per cent. Vermont alone showed a smaller increase, 13 per cent. Taking State areas into the account the figures are still more eloquent. Maine has 29,895 square miles of territory, and for this period grew in population only 159,202. The other five States of New England, with a total area of only 32,078 square miles, grew 3,672,273. The table of “Population per square mile” tells its own story and, if unpleasant, is not uninteresting:—

<i>Population per square mile</i>	1850	1910
Maine.....	20	25
New Hampshire.....	35	48
Vermont.....	34	39
Massachusetts.....	124	419
Connecticut.....	76	230
Rhode Island.....	140	515



THE COUNTY FAIR PULLING-MATCH

By Way of Conclusion

Of Maine's total gain in population of 159,202 from 1850 to 1910, the cities of the State contributed 123,549. The only counties to show increase outside of the cities were Aroostook, Penobscot, and Piscataquis. There was an actual loss for the period, outside of the cities and the three counties named, of 37,190.

All of which goes to show that if capital flies out of the west window, men will not come in at the door. Capital will, of course, seek the best returns irrespective of geography and local pride, and cannot be blamed. Local pride is sentiment, and dividends, a living. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that a good thing at home is better in the long run than a better thing abroad, for it develops home resources and increases the value of all kinds of home property. Local pride should, at least, be indulged to the extent of a hearing, thorough investigation, and some preference, even if things for the time being are not equal.

It is not a long way to the turn, nor is it dark. Oftentimes we simply will not see. A small

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example sometimes illustrates a tendency that may be large and serious.

Last summer, in a brief and rather amateurish tour of investigation, from the center of a summer cottage and hotel population of at least twenty-five thousand I drove a dozen miles through a fairly good farming country, and found not one farmer along the road raising anything for this new and easy market. And in July, August, and September the people of those resorts were buying such vegetables as cucumbers and lettuce from Boston. While your so-called thrifty down-east farmer sat on the shed steps ruminating a straw and hard times. In the published reports of the Boston Chamber of Commerce on New England production, you will find, for another small example, that, while this section of the country is particularly well adapted to raising poultry and eggs for shipment to other markets, it actually produces only about one fifth of its own consumption. We often pay five cents for an Oregon apple, and it is getting more difficult each year to buy

By Way of Conclusion

a native turkey for a New England Thanksgiving dinner. Other like instances in other lines of Eastern production might be cited, but these are enough.

There is something wrong somewhere in the New England system of economy. The only hopeful consideration about it is that the New Englander is beginning to find it out. And not the least of the influences in the process of slow but sure awakening in Maine is the summer visitor. He's a joy, a profit, and an educator, and can't be treated too well. I would begin by muffling the motor-boats.

I feel just like writing this this morning. The subject ought to receive at least partial justice, for I had my own personal experience with the nonsense last night. It is not a topic entitled, for fair treatment, to the perspective of either time or distance, as all topics are — all but this. This is entitled to nothing. It is an enormity that should be struck while the anger is hot and at a time as near as possible to its committal. With this inadequate foreword, let us proceed,

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lamely and mildly though it be, and even with the certain knowledge that I shall fall far short of framing any indictment to fit the hideousness of the iniquity.

It was one of those calm, still, echoing nights on the coast, when even the undertow to sleep had gone; one of those nights made for complete, unconscious rest, and that decent sleep which Josie Sadler used to embalm in descriptive song; a night when you either sleep on the porch or open all the windows in order that the boundless silence of all outdoors may make more peaceful your peaceful slumbers. And we were all awakened no less than a dozen times by those senseless, criminal, exasperating, sputtering motor-boats which exhaust their gasoline engines above the water-line and without mufflers. Some of the offenders, in apparent effort to outstrip their fellow offenders in offense, run the exhaust pipe out at the side of the boat and thus get the added effect of a sounding-board. There are all pitches, from thundering basses to high, metallic tenors. In order to

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avoid what the hypnotist calls the monotony of stimulation, they “skip” at irregular intervals, and this makes it certain that you do not even doze for any considerable time. And on an otherwise silent night, and all night, the whole vicious, nerve-racking, sleep-killing fusillade came ashore with gatling staccato and siege-gun powers of destruction. I say criminal, because there is a law of the State against this particular form of foolishness. But the constable, or the sheriff, or whoever it may be that should invoke it, seems loath to act because — probably — it might make trouble for some of his neighbors, which at most could only be putting the exhaust under water or adding an inexpensive muffler to the equipment.

Which reminds me of a hired man of our village of years ago, in whose ancestry was a grandmother who saw a man kill his wife and put the body in a well. He used to brag about this a good deal — not the killing, but his grandmother’s seeing it. Nothing was ever

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done about the murder, and one day some one asked him what action she took.

“Oh, Lor’,” he replied, “she just did n’t do nuthin’. She wa’n’t no hand to make trouble.”

But last night. After the lobstermen and hake fishermen had exhausted — this word in two senses — everybody’s patience and sputtered home, the milkmen and vegetable peddlers came pounding into the cove about half-past four, and the tired little colony, seeking rest and quiet from ceaseless metropolitan roar, gave up in despair.

I thought I might be exaggerating in these few heartfelt, morning-after words. But in looking the situation over in calmer, saner moments, with a broader, more hopeful view of life, with all kinds of charity and no malice at all, I am impelled to make the revising insertion that I have understated the case and that it grows in enormity the more and more calmly it is considered.

Two instances, — one bearing on the public health phase, the other purely commercial; dol-

By Way of Conclusion

lars and cents; bread and butter — and cake; one must have cake: —

My neighbor, acting on his physician's advice, added to his cottage a sleeping-porch large enough for the entire family of five. They came earlier than usual in the spring, more on account of this than anything else, and with all the joys of anticipation. All thoroughly enjoyed the new porch, for its novelty and freshness as well as for its health-giving qualities. One of the children, having suffered from a long illness in the winter, began to pick up wonderfully, and medicine bottles went to the scrap-heap — proper place. Then one calm and fatal night. Then another, and another. It seemed like a personal bombardment, like last night. The joys and benefits of outdoor sleeping are no more and the expensive porch is useless. The beds have been moved in and a lot of wholesome air has to be excluded with the noise. The father argued with the boatmen and officers of the village corporation. Nothing happened.

The owner of a large oceangoing steam yacht

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told me in New York last winter that he enjoyed nothing in all his cruising quite so much as the small but deep and picturesque harbors of the Maine coast. One in particular, which he named, he had frequented for years, and once, and sometimes twice, each summer the yacht would fit out there for cruises down the Nova Scotia and Labrador coasts, spending never less than a thousand dollars, and sometimes fifteen hundred, for fuel and provisions. Now he never comes to the harbor, and when asked why, he replied with no little show of feeling:—

“Your cursed motor-boats without mufflers. Could n’t any of us sleep nights, or have any peace days.”

Here was a matter of simple business for a little town where a thousand dollars is a large sum of money. The yacht-owner took pains to make this known to the selectmen and the officers of the yacht club. Nothing happened.

I have dilated on this sidelight of Maine coast life, because, while it seems inconsequential, it is really becoming a very serious matter. Peo-

FORT KNOX, ON THE LOWER PENOBSCOT



By Way of Conclusion

ple who come to these shores and lakes — and the abuse is growing fast on the lakes — have tired nerves, and seek rest and quiet. Ninety per cent of the men who own and operate the disturbance are dependent on them for a large part of their livelihood. It is more a matter of thoughtlessness and lack of realization than anything else. And the remedy, you ask? A consistent, persistent, unanimous agitation in every suffering summer colony. Quote pleasantly but firmly Laurence Hutton's definition of a gentleman, "A man who respects himself and the feelings of others." This failing, the law as it is and more if necessary, even at the risk of "making trouble."

Maine ought to discover herself. And follow discovery with initiative, faith with efficiency, opportunity with intensiveness. These, and the new spirit is here, industrial, agricultural, social, and civic. These, and the new State is established. By its wonderful resources of Nature it will be observed. By its fruits only will its men be judged. The summer visitor and

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the Philadelphia banker will not help those who do not help themselves.

“Why, you Maine people don’t seem to have any idea what you have down here,” said a New Yorker at Bethel last spring. The war had kept him from Europe; it was his first visit to the State, and he came to recuperate from illness. “Why don’t you shout about it?”

It is not necessary to shout, but we might whisper it along the line. We read and hear much about the potential future of States, and cities, and other communities. A fine thing to think about, but if we only think, a poor asset. It is hard to borrow money on paper possibilities, however logical the prospectus may paint them.

But appreciation is a long and important step. We have taken it, and there is ample ground for the belief that the beginning of a new era has come. More than this, we have arrived at the stage where local minds are flexible and suggestion has value.

An automobile party of fifteen tired men and

By Way of Conclusion

women, in three big touring cars, turned up at the Lafayette Hotel in Portland one evening in the summer of 1912, and called for maps. They had come on from New York for a tour of New England, and planned to spend ten days in Maine motoring through the lake country and along the seacoast. That afternoon they had experienced the road from Kittery to Portland, the one highway used more than any other in the State, and at that time for the most part in all its prehistoric roughness. The maps they requested were for the shortest route to New Hampshire. Early next morning they took it.

Multiply this instance by hundreds, covering the period of time which the State took to wake up to good roads, and you will get some idea of the loss of good business by bad economy. It so happened in this case that the conversation in the hotel office was overheard by a Maine man with a flexible mind, State pride, initiative, influence, power, and endurance in agitation. The legislature the next winter appropriated two million dollars for State highways, and

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Maine is at last on the automobile map. You can now motor from Kittery to Portland in joy and comfort. Still in the momentum of common sense and good work the following legislature provided for a fine avenue through the wilderness from Jackman to Kineo. It taps the main thoroughfare from Portland to Quebec and makes the charms of Kineo and other Moosehead resorts not only possible but convenient to visitors who would otherwise pass them by. Consider that these sums, large for a State like Maine, were appropriated by a legislature made up of men who had hitherto seen little or no business for themselves in other people's pleasure, and you will find realization in process.

It is time for a forest reserve. Maine could make no better investment. It should be bought, owned, and controlled by the Commonwealth for the common welfare, for the business of its own citizens and the pleasure of its guests. To be sure, the real-estate transaction might involve the payment of ten dollars an acre to

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the very men who bought the same land from the State at ten cents an acre, but it would be good business even then, and the lesson worth the money. At a time when outside suggestion seems to be worth something because it is at least considered, Maine can well follow the example of the Central Government and of other States and establish a reserve that in years to come will yield tenfold. In view of its greatest assets, their character and close relation to an institution of this kind, no State in the Union could get such large proportional returns. Four townships in the wild forest and lake region, with a total area of 150,000 acres, would be sufficient. The reserve could be used for all kinds of forestry and farm experiment, the propagation of game — which should not be hunted within the limits — and fish. Its direct money value to all classes of citizens cannot be overestimated. If the expenditure of two million dollars on good roads is a good investment, and it is, why not the expenditure of half or three quarters of that sum on a state park

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which has equal advantages. Respectfully and seriously referred to the Committee on Wild Lands; hearing requested.

Also most respectfully and most seriously referred to the Committee of the Whole, with the recommendation that the rules be suspended and the bill pass at once, the financial possibilities of Maine as a winter resort. Why hibernate? In the State there is an establishment for the comfortable entertainment of half a million guests. Why should all this property lie idle for ten months in the year, and all the capital that produced it remain inactive five-sixths of the time? There are four seasons here. Each has its own distinctive glory, and all a health-laden atmosphere. What could be more beautiful than a snow-clad Mount Desert? An old-fashioned Maine winter is worth crossing a continent or an ocean to enjoy. It has zest, sting, stimulation, recuperation, juniper, red berries, sleigh-bells, and boundless possibilities in financial development. Why not?

The winter before this inconceivable war



ICE-RACING ON A MAINE LAKE

By Way of Conclusion

broke out little Switzerland, with less than half the territory of Maine, had within her borders 500,000 tourists, as many as Maine received during the following summer, the greatest season in its history as a national playground. In the hotels of Lucerne alone 187,000 were registered. The Maine hills are not so high, but there are more of them. There are 4000 square miles of lakes and small ponds here, and they are as sure to freeze to a skating, ice-boating, and horse-racing thickness as Thanksgiving and Christmas are sure to come. And ice-fishing galore, a growing sport full of health and gentle excitement, especially on skates. And maple-tree tapping in March. The wondrous silence of the first snowfall in the great Maine woods is an experience of Nature worth having. We have all the winter Switzerland has, and more.

Half of the State is as far north as Montreal, and Montreal has been a winter resort for forty years. Besides, have we not Peary for a general, all-round winter instructor?

The Latchstring

Times have changed, and, fortunately, the family physician has changed with them. Ask him the comparative restorative powers of rugged outdoor treatment in a crisp, Northern winter, and he will astonish you by saying they are not comparative at all, but superlative. The chemist has become more useful in externals, less in internals. The common prescription now, because it is the best, is for Maine ozone. Get it filled at headquarters and take in double doses.

The comfortable old Mansion House at Poland Springs, whose proprietors for more than half a century have been leaders in the development of Maine as a resort State, has made a substantial beginning. In a spirit of enterprise that can be emulated with like results in almost any part of northern New England, this hotel added to its already generous equipment outdoor sports and other attractions of the winter season and let the fact be known. Mr. Hiram W. Ricker even went to far-off St. Moritz for winter ideas. He found they could

By Way of Conclusion

be adapted to Maine, not only with profit to Poland Springs, but to the great advantage of the whole State. In the last three years the winter business of that hotel has increased more than fifty per cent, and before long it will be necessary to open the big house in January and February to accommodate the growing number of winter health and pleasure seekers.

Mr. Arthur G. Staples, who with his pen has accomplished much for the State of Maine, never did anything more effective than when, in an address to an astonished State Board of Trade, he pointed out the tremendous possibilities of Maine as a winter resort and convinced a rather conservative body of business men that a season hitherto regarded by them as a liability could be easily and inexpensively converted into a great asset. Among many other good things he said:—

“The whole State should be a winter resort. But we can’t expect business as such to do it all. It is not altogether a commercial proposition. The town officers and the city fathers, from the

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sociological and civic side, must see the point also. I know it may look difficult at first to popularize winter sports, but I do believe that if public ice-rinks were established by public money and made the scene of festivals and games, there would be a beginning in Maine of public recognition of outdoor life that would reconstruct winter into a season of better business and fuller enjoyment.

“If there is anything which the weaver of fancies can say of the Alpine winter that we cannot say in truth of the winters in Maine, I cannot discover it save in the attitude of the people themselves. Through pure publicity, they have made the bob-sleigh run at St. Moritz famous throughout the world. They have done all that capital and brains and a community of interests can do — and they charge you well; but they cannot beat our winter, and they have nothing to surpass the glories of the hills, the mountains, and the forests of our inland Maine. This is the land of all the best of the white gods of winter. It is for us to appreciate it; to foster



ALL KINDS OF WINTER SPORTS AT POLAND

By Way of Conclusion

it; to spread about the truth concerning its health-giving properties; to convert its ancient liability and loss not only into a present asset, but an increasing gain; to help it build up and invigorate new races of men and women, who shall stir and energize mankind. We must learn to love winter, to talk of its beauties, when we are at home or abroad, to describe truthfully its poetry and its loveliness. Then, with big and beautiful hotels, with civic sports, and other increasing devotion to outdoor life, we shall see winter do its proper share toward enriching us commercially, as well as physically and spiritually.”

Faith first. Works will follow. Eastward the course of empire is returning. A thorough appreciation that this, too, is a land of opportunity, a little more courage, the cultivation of a reasonable spirit of venture, and the world is ours the whole year round.

“The people of Maine have inherited riches of earth, and air, and water such as belong to no other people under the sun,” said Dr.

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Dingley forty years ago, in a spirit of wisdom and prophecy which in riper years and more righteousness still flourishes like the palm tree. The great inheritance—all of it—is still theirs, and accumulating. The charm of the State—a quality of such fineness that it does not come within the limits of verbal description—is as permanent as the green hills. What her people do with it depends on the degree of stimulation that can be given to belief and effort. Success can only follow trial. Fruition is a result, not a prospect.

Her compliments to California. At a time when one hemisphere was wallowing in the worst war in history, when the other was doubtful and timid in business, in two cities, one not yet recovered from great disaster, this magnificent State set up monuments of peaceful enterprise which the whole world will ever admire. The thought alone was success, the undertaking a triumph. The pendulum will soon swing back across the continent. The country is looking to Maine—coming to Maine. In the same spirit

By Way of Conclusion

let us do with what we have, and do well. The future is secure.

I have enjoyed writing this book. It was easy to begin, difficult to stop. Because the half has not been told.

THE END

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